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BERANGER AND HIS SONGS.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

In the songs of Beranger may be found the expression of popular feeling in French society during the fifteen years which elapsed from the restoration to the expulsion of the elder branch of the house of Bourbon. The poet is "a faithful chronicler," and the religious, political, and moral sentiments of the period are set forth with a truth and genius which should render these songs scarcely less interesting to the philosophic historian, than to the lover of lyric spirit and elegance.

The hostility of the two principles of ancient observance and modern innovation, which had previously signalized itself by the most deplorable open violence, still existed at the time of the restoration, mitigated in its expression but looking with uneasy watchfulness to the progress of events. The spirit of the Revolution had remained rebuked in presence of the military ascendancy of Napoleon.—When this tyranny was overpast, it began to make itself heard. The indignation of the Continent, as universal as the insane oppression which roused it, and expressed with such a splendid and contagious fervour of patriotism, gave that spirit an impulse of inquiry and resistance; and the re-action which seems a periodical necessity of the human mind, and which was hastened by the bitter experience of general conflict, with all its attendant horrors, turned the thoughts of men into a better channel. Worried and stunned humanity wished for alternation of a little repose. France was weary of her vast and successive efforts. Though easily dazzled by the splendour of military achievement, and prone to accept victory as the solace of many miseries, the terrible Conscription, inflicted with merciless repetition, and passing

"O'er her vine-covered hills and gay valleys," and through her homesteads with a more than Egyptian desolation, filled the kingdom with a desire that the furies of ambition should, at length, make a pause. The unscrupulous obstinacy and baffled attempts of the Emperor strengthened this desire, in awakening the people to a sense of the uselessness of their sacrifices; and the outrages against their national pride, in the violations of their territory by those whom they dominated over so long, left them very little heart to pamper any longer the fighting frenzy of the man who had decimated them to prove his love for France, and twice drawn all Europe to Mostemarte to vindicate and cherish her honour and glory.

The republican ban and arriere-ban of 1792, radiating victoriously against all assaulters, and bearing back and reciprocating the torrent of invasion into their fields and cities, was renewed no more against them, when, with restoration on their wings, as it were, they came again to affront the pride of France, and set a Bourbon on the throne, from which they had taken such trouble to drive him and his family. The people, in fact, looked on the drama which was enacted before their eyes with indifference, feeling that, whoever was victorious, they should weep, or have cause to do so. A Log—not quite, indeed, but comparatively—was thrown into their troubled waters to govern them; but then, they had a lively recollection of the late Stork. They cared little to be in earnest on the question of one despot's whips or the scorpions of another; nevertheless, they knew there was a possible state of things in which neither alternative need be a matter of necessary adoption.

With Napoleon perished the power which, having carried the nation back to institutions which it had repudiated, defied all gainsaying; and the people felt themselves at liberty with more prudence and less risk, to assert their cause against a much less formidable despotism. The principles which the kings of the continent had invoked in their extremity, and directed with such fatal effect against the tyranny of Napoleon, entered France with the Allies, and, contrary to their expectation perhaps, stayed there to console her for the humiliating relapse of her military celebrity, and recoil, in the end, against the interests of those who made a temporary use of them. Their impulse assisted the revival of sentiments which the Empire had dazzled into submission, the people accepted the teaching which their rulers may have been already disposed to retract, and the spirit of patriotic resistance to a hated government which the fiery genius of Körner, Uhland, and the rest had caught from, and poured back in their military strophes, through the indignant millions of Germany, was, so to speak, transferred to a French poet worthy to raise his voice in the same cause; and, under less exciting circumstances, with a more comprehensive and polished philosophy, and animosity more measured, but not less cordial, Beranger constituted himself the champion of popular opinion against the restored government of France.

The history of the space from the Empire to the Three Days is but one tissue of contentions between the throne and the people, royal prerogative on the one side, and popular disaffection, in all its shades and expressions, on the other. On the return of the emigrant noblesse they saw their ancient possessions alienated, and the transfer protected by the Charter. It is needless to say how much this became the object of their sincere dislike. The spirit in which they entered their altered country, after years of vicissitude and exile, and the sentiments of the nation, are fairly represented in the pleasant mockery of the song "Le Marquis de Carabas."

THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS.

Here's an old Marquis come with speed
To treat us as a conquered race,
Brought by a skinny bony steed,
From exile in a distant place.
On to his feudal mansion gray
This very high and mighty lord
Rides, proudly waving all the way,
A very innocent old sword.
Hats off, hats off! Behold him pass!
The great Lord Marquis Carabas!

Almoner, pages, seneschals,
Vassals and villains, every one,
Know that my gracious king, he bawls,
Has been restored by me alone.
But if he won't concede my due—
The ancient rights of my degree—
Dust shall be raised!—Ah, *ventre bleu*!
But he shall answer it to me!
Hats off, hats off! Behold him pass!
The great Lord Marquis Carabas!
Though of a certain groom they dare
Talk, to calumniate me and mine,
A son of Pepin called the Fair
Was the first founder of my line.
And, from my crowded scutcheon broad,
My blazonings and quarterings,
I think my family, by G—,
Rather more noble than the king's.
Hats off, hats off! Behold him pass!
The great Lord Marquis Carabas!

Who shall gainsay! My Marchioness
Sits in the presence; and my son,
My youngest son, at Court shall press
His interest for a bishop's throne.
My other son, the baron, he—
Though people call him a poltroon—
Looks for some crosses; let me see—
He shall have half a dozen soon.
Hats off, hats off! Behold him pass!
The great Lord Marquis Carabas!

Let's live in peace; but who dares prate
Of taxes to Lord Carabas!
No gentleman can owe the state
A single doit for all he has:
Thanks to my towers and armories,
Thanks to my seigneuries and lands,
I'll teach the prefect his degrees,
And show him how the matter stands.
Hats off, hats off! Behold him pass!
The great Lord Marquis Carabas!

Good priests, whom we avenge, enforce
Your tithes, and let us share the spoil,
Go, brutish people, bear, of course,
The feudal harness, and the toil.
We only shall enjoy the chase,
And all your tender maidens gay
Shall have the honour and the grace
Our rights of lordship can convey.
Hats off, hats off! Behold him pass!
The great Lord Marquis Carabas!

Curate, your incense-dish, you know,
Is for your lord and suzerain.
My pages and my varlets, ho!
War to the serfs—lay on amain!
And let the glorious rights of old
My ancestors could boast as theirs,
Duly descend, to have and hold,
Unlessened to my noble heirs.
Hats off, hats off! Behold him pass!
The great Lord Marquis Carabas!

The court ministries were always disposed to nibble at the provisions of the Charter; and the innumerable outrages directed against them, and continually distracting the nation, showed their intolerance of the popular Palladium, and the fidelity of the people in its defence. It was nevertheless repeatedly set aside. The censorship of the press was exercised in contravention of its clauses. The exactions which attended the restoration of the Catholic orders; the nature of the Concordate; the attempts to restore to a poor and haughty nobility the barren distinctions of the old *regime*—in fine, all the evils of intractable cabinets, multiplied through all the subordinate gradations of their executive, only made the reigning family more unpopular than ever with the great mass of the people. Louis, besides, rather unwisely affected all the feudal pretensions of his throne, as if they had never been imparted by time or vicissitude, and was wont to talk of his royalty as only emanating from God and his forefathers. He wanted the penetration and policy of Napoleon, who, busied about his despotic proceedings, was in the habit of using the phraseology at least of a popular governor—doubtless to the edification of a very flattered and happy people. It was said by Napoleon that in their exile they had learned nothing and forgot nothing. This, however, may be considered controvertible; for, the first government act of Louis being dated in the eighteenth year of his reign, he seemed to have forgotten that, during the implied period, his faithful subjects had paid him no allegiance at all; and, in assuming the style of Eighteenth of his name—a thing which made puzzled history pause a little to recall the reign of Louis the Seventeenth—he also appeared to forget that his predecessor had lived and died a victim and not a king. And, for his learning in the interim, we must confess that he seemed to have learned almost

as great a disregard of the French people as their great imperial idol had done before him.

Into the popular disaffection, with the republican sentiments of the class from which he sprung, and to which he chose to belong, Beranger entered warmly; bringing all the force of his sympathies and the weapons of his genius into the controversy; and he always carried it on with the most unsubdued implacability. Neither fear nor favour could ever mitigate the heartiness of his dislike and scorn, and these sentiments are expressed throughout his lyrics with equal audacity and wit. In "*Les Infinitement petits*," he ridicules the dynasty of Louis XVIII. in a strain of sarcasm which was a grave count in the prosecution he underwent in 1828. The refrain of this song is, *Mais les Barbons regnent toujours*. The word *barbon* (grey beard) is near enough in sound to the royal name to give it popular French effect. But this somewhat happy onomatopoeia is intranslatable.

THE INFINITELY LITTLE.

I have a faith in sorcery :

There was a wizard came of late,

And, in a mirror, let me see

Our native country's future fate.

What a sad prospect ! 'twas our home ;

Yet all so strange and woe-begone.

Lo ! Nineteen Hundred Thirty's come ;

And the grey *Barbons* govern on.

To us succeeds a dwarfish race :

So little are our grandsons grown,

That 'tis with pain I see the race

Below their roofs so dwindled down.

France is the shadow of a shade

Of France which in my youth was known.

What a small kingdom it is made !

But the grey *Barbons* govern on.

What microscopic little beasts !

There bilious little Jesuits go ;

And thousand other little priests,

A carrying little gods for show ;

Their blessing curses all in short ;

A little normal school alone

Holds place of the most ancient court.

But the grey *Barbons* govern on.

All things are little : palaces,

Fanes and fine arts, and trade and taste ;

Nice little famines yearly seize

And lay poor little cities waste.

On the ill-guarded frontiers, hark !

With little drummers, ton, ton, ton,

A little army—save the mark !

But the grey *Barbons* govern on.

With the wizard glass, at last,

Crowning the future's direful reign,

A giant heretic goes past,

Whom the whole world can scarce contain :

Brav'g the little paltry prate

Of the poor pigmy race undone,

He pockets all the little state ;

But the grey *Barbons* govern on.

In Paris Beranger seems to have been soon left without the assistance or control of his parents, concerning whose living or dying we know nothing satisfactory. His unhappy position contrasted sadly with the prospects which his genius and education led him to contemplate. At this time he took it into his head to go to Egypt, which was then in the hands of the French, and join the army there. But the representations of some who had returned from the Eastern expedition dissuaded him. In spite of all this, his youth, with its illusions, the easy gaiety of disposition which peculiarly distinguished him, and the confidence in self-resource which belongs to inexperience—all enabled him to bear up against the pressure of want, and gave a thousand compensating charms to the most indigent period of his life. He became intimate with all classes and conditions of the people, sympathised with their feelings, enjoyed all their pleasures—and their excesses also ; and disregarding, with a simple spirit of rare independence, the habits and necessities of conventional society, quietly fixed his own within those modest limits which no future more favourable modification of circumstances could induce him to overstep. This was the reign of Lizette, who, with all her tenderness and her fidelities, is so much identified with the mad or merry inspirations of his youth. It was, too, the period of "*Món Habit*," "*Les Gueux*," "*La Grande Orgie*," "*Le Grenier*," &c. &c. Let us give this last :—

THE GARRET.

Again do I visit the spot where my youth

In poverty's school was a pupil so long.

I was then twenty one, had a mistress, forsooth,

Some rare merry friends, and a passion for song.

And scorning all sages and sots, and their cares,

Content, unforgetting and envious of none,

I cheerfully mounted six pair of stairs :

Oh, sweet is a garret at gay twenty-one !

A garret ; oh yes, I announce it to all.

I there had my bed, poorly furnished and hard ;

My table stood here ; and there's yet on the wall

Three-fourths of a verse from the coal of the bard.

Appear. O ye pleasures that smiled on my prime,

Ere years, cold and quenching, had bade ye begone !

My watch has been pawned for you many a time.

Oh, sweet is a garret at gay twenty-one !

And, first, my Lizette should arise at my call,

With her dear little hat, in her freshness and bloom :

Already, methinks, she has hung up her shawl

O'er the small narrow window to curtain the room.

She wore her nice robes with such elegant ease,

I respected each fold set so gracefully on ;

Since then I found out who had paid for all these.

Oh, sweet is a garret at gay twenty-one !

At table one day—'twas a fortunate day—

While my friends' ringing voices in chorus arose,

A shout reached even up to our garret to say,

At Marengo Napoleon had vanquished our foes.

The cannons are heard ; and we alter the song

To the deeds of our heroes, so gloriously done ;

Our frontiers shall still be inviolate long !

Oh, sweet is a garret at gay twenty-one !

Let us go ; for my reason too feelingly strays ;

Long gone is that time so regretted, so dear :

I would gladly exchange all the rest of my days

For a month of the days once accorded me here.

While Glory, Love, Pleasure, can gaily dispose

Of our fast-fleeting moments, and Hope, like a sun,

Cheer the prospect of life and enlighten the close,

Oh, sweet is a garret at gay twenty-one !

The following is one of Beranger's lighter songs. It has a pathetic and general interest. The beauty and fortunes of the celebrated Queen of France and Scotland have been long favourite themes of romance ; and poets and dramatists of different nations have illustrated them by their genius. Burns has written the "*Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots*," and Beranger, "*Adieux de Marie Stuart*."

MARY STUART'S FAREWELL.

Adieu, sweet land of France, adieu

All cherished joys gone by !

Scenes where my happy childhood grew,

To leave ye is to die !

Adopted country ! whence I go

An exile o'er the sea.

Hear Mary's fond farewell, and oh,

My France, remember me !

Winds rise ; the ship is on her track :

Alas ! my tears are vain :

There is no storm to bear me back

On thy dear shores again.

Adieu, sweet land of France, adieu

All cherished joys gone by !

Scenes where my happy childhood grew,

To leave ye is to die !

When, in my people's sight, I wore

The Lilly's royal flower,

Ah ! their applause was offered more

To beauty than to power.

Now gloomy Albyn's throne in vain

Awaits my slow advance ;

I only would be queen to reign

O'er the gay hearts of France.

Adieu, sweet land of France, adieu

All cherished joys gone by !

Scenes where my happy childhood grew.

To leave ye is to die.

Love, Glory, Genius,—ah ! too dear,—

Have dazzled all my prime.

My fates shall change to cold and drear

In Scotland's ruder clime.

My heart, my heart, with sudden awe,

Feels a vague omen's shock !

Sure, in some ghastly dream I saw

A scaffold and a block !

Adieu, sweet land of France, adieu

All cherished joys gone by !

Scenes where my happy childhood grew.

To leave ye is to die.

Oh, France ! in all her woes and fears

The Stuart's daughter, she,

As now she greets thee thro' her tears,

Shall ever turn to thee.

Alas ! too swift my bark hath flown

Beneath these stranger skies :

Night, as her hurried veil comes down,

Conceals thee from my eyes.

Adieu, sweet land of France, adieu

The cherished joys gone by !

Scenes where my happy childhood grew,

To leave ye is to die.

[The remainder of this article will be given next week.]

THE NIZAM'S FEMALE SOLDIERS.

The princes and nobility of the East are noted for keeping large seraglios, and his highness, [the Nizam], to keep pace with them, has a considerable one attached to his household, for the protection of which a corps of their own sex was raised many years ago, armed and accoutred like other regiments of the line, but not in such a superior style. Their commissioned and non-commissioned officers are also women, and are much more expert in the performance of their respective duties than one would imagine. It has been said by some, who have been so fortunate as to have got a glimpse of this gallant corps whilst at exercise, that they have gone through their field movements in a manner highly amusing ; and if one dare to judge from their appearance on duty around the seraglio and other places, it certainly must be a sight, above all others at Hyderabad, worth seeing. The sentries may at all times be observed very alert on their posts, excepting in the case of those who may have an infant to take care of, when, perhaps, one hand may be employed in holding a musket, whilst the other is engaged in nursing. Women in this condition must find it a very difficult matter to conduct their duties to the satisfaction of their superiors. The husbands of these Amazons have nothing whatever to say to the regiment, and follow their own occupations, either under government, or upon their own responsibility.

Captain Wilson's Private Journal.

a shot fired, and actually were recruited from militia regiments, in whose uniform, for want of time to refit, the men fought that campaign.

An army, composed of fragments of so many nations, could scarcely be expected to possess that unity of action, and above all, that mutual confidence in its several parts so essential to success; still less, that "elan" which is suggested by the long experience of each other's daring, this the imperial troops eminently felt, and this was a fearful odds in favour of France. Nor did the disadvantage end there; the Belgians were more than suspected of disaffection to the cause in whose ranks they were marshalled. Most of the men had served under Napoleon—many of the officers were protégés who owed all they possessed to him—to count on them, should events take any unfavourable turn, would be madness; so that, a real diminution of the effective strength of the allied army existed, very far below the numerical standard announced.

Early in June the army under the Duke of Wellington occupied a line of country forming the segment of a circle, of which Brussels was the centre, and the roads leading from Mons, Tournai, and Charleroi, were the marked radii. The extended nature of the position not only made the subsistence of the troops less burthensome to the country, but also afforded the perfect security of being prepared for any emergency that might arise.

"From whatever point, therefore, offensive operations might be directed against that portion of the Belgian frontier occupied by the army under Wellington—whether from Lisle, by Courtrai, or by Tournai, between the Lys and the Scheldt; from Condé, Valenciennes, or Maubeuge, by Mons, between the Sambre and the Scheldt; or from Maubeuge, Beaumont, or Philippeville, by Charleroi, between the Sambre and the Meuse—the Duke, by advancing to the threatened point with his reserve, and placing the remainder of his troops in movement, had it in his power to concentrate at least two-thirds of his intended disposable force for the field, upon the line of the enemy's operations, within twenty-two hours after the receipt of intelligence of the actual direction and apparent object of those operations."

A secret memorandum, a copy of which is given in a note, addressed to the Prince of Orange, the Earl of Uxbridge, Lord Hill, and the quartermaster-general, shows that as early as the 30th April, he was prepared to meet any attack that might be made on him.

The Prussian army, numbering 117,000 men of all arms, was stationed on the left of the Anglo-allied forces, and had their position extending from Charleroi towards Liege, including the line of country marked out by the Meuse from Namur and Huy, as well as an advanced post at Dinant. The points of concentration were Fleurus, Namur, Ciney, and Liege, at any of which the whole army could be assembled within twenty-four hours. From a consideration of the respective stations of the different corps, which we omit here, anxious to disencumber our brief notice of all circumstantial detail, it appears that the concentration of Wellington's army on its own left, and that of Blücher on its own right, required longer time than that in which they could have been respectively accomplished in other points; the former being better calculated to meet the enemy's advance by Mons, as was the position of the latter to resist an attack by Namur. This feature did not escape the vigilance of Napoleon, who, seizing on it, encouraged the hope of separating the two armies and beating them in detail.

When we reflect upon the inferiority of force with which he determined on this bold and hazardous enterprise, it would seem an undertaking too perilous even for his dauntless courage; a brief delay would have enabled him, by operating on the flank of either army, to have directed his main operations with greater weight and efficiency; the organization of his forces would soon have placed an immense number of troops at his command, but that brief interval would have brought the allied sovereigns across the Rhine on the eastward, and led to that combination of attack on Paris which it was his aim to frustrate.

Time, then, was all-important; a victory was all essential too, to awe the malecontents of the capital with success; the tide of fortune was sure to turn, and the revolt of the Belgians against the allies would give him a powerful addition of force in a quarter bordering on his own frontier. It was not the first time he had advanced against great numerical superiority; the final events of the campaign of 1814 had displayed triumphs over armies far exceeding his own in amount; and Champ Aubert, Mont Mirail, and Montereau attested what success could await the highest order of strategy, when commanding troops habituated to battle.

His plan then was to attack the Prussian army first, that being the nearest to him, and having overcome them, to march at once against the British before they could be collected in sufficient strength to oppose his progress. The road by Charleroi to Brussels was therefore the main line of his operations; by occupying this, he should pierce, as it were, the centre of the combined armies, and then, pushing forward to Brussels, excite a revolt of the Belgian troops. This done, time would be obtained for the advance of further reinforcements from France, and it was not impossible that negotiations for peace might then have been entertained by the allied sovereigns.

To mask as far as might be, his intended movements, the passes in advance of Valenciennes, Condé, Lille, and even to Dunkirk, were occupied by numerous detachments of National Guards furnished by the garrisons of the different fortresses, and every indication given that the principal attack, or at least a formidable diversion, was in preparation for that quarter.

These measures still more strongly dissuaded Wellington from forming any hasty or incautious junction with Blücher, until fully satisfied as to the true direction of Napoleon's advance.

Let any one throw his eye over the map, and tracking the line of country from the point of communication between the Prussian and English armies, follow it to Lille, Mons, Condé, Courtrai, and Ypres, to the sea coast, and he will see at once the immense extent of unguarded frontier along which the Duke was called to stand sentinel; and may estimate some of the difficulties of protecting Brussels against an attack which might have come in any one of six different directions. This will explain the impracticability of a more efficient support to Blücher on the 16th, when any decided movement of concentration might have led to an immediate and perhaps overwhelming advance of the enemy in the quarter thus weakened.

"On the 12th of June, Lieutenant Colonel von Wissel, whose regiment, the 1st hussars of the King's German Legion, formed an extensive line of outposts in front of Tournai, reported to Major General Sir Hussey Vivian, to whose brigade the regiment belonged, that he had ascertained, from information on which he could rely, that the French army had assembled on the frontier, and was prepared to attack. Vivian desired him to report upon the subject to Lord Hill, to whose corps his regiment was attached while employed on this particular service. The next morning Vivian repaired in person to the outposts, and found that a French cavalry-piquet which had previously been posted opposite to Tournai, had a short time before marched to join the main army, and had

been relieved by *douaniers*. These, upon being spoken to by Vivian, did not hesitate to say that their army was concentrating, and that if the allies did not advance, their troops would attack. On returning to his quarters, Vivian communicated what he had seen and heard to both Lord Hill and the Earl of Uxbridge, by whom the circumstances were made known to the Duke of Wellington."

Too much stress cannot be laid on this point, nor can the reader be too careful in possessing himself with a perfect understanding of the possible lines of attack open to Napoleon, inasmuch as an historian, whose general candour and ability are above all reproach, has, on most insufficient and unwarrantable grounds, imputed a want of vigilance to our great captain, where a due consideration of all the circumstances had palpably proved that every step he took was characterized by prudence and foresight, and that he could not have acted differently, had he known all which subsequent events have demonstrated.

What had been said of our commander if, while strengthening Blücher at the Sambre, he had suffered the enemy to march on Brussels by Courtrai or Mons? What indication was there that the attack would come in the quarter it actually did? Were not the probabilities, at least, against an advance which involved the necessity of two successful battles? But this stratagem of the emperor had also another effect—it totally concealed from his adversaries the combined movements of the several *corps d'armée*, and their concentration on the right bank of Sambre.

"During the night of the 13th, however, the light reflected upon the sky by the fires of the French bivouacs, did not escape the vigilant observation of Zieten's outposts, whence it was communicated to the rear that these fires appeared to be in the direction of Beaumont, and in the vicinity of Solre-sur-Sambre; and on the following day intelligence was obtained of the arrival of Napoleon and his brother, Prince Jerome. Zieten immediately transmitted this information to Prince Blücher and to the Duke of Wellington. Nothing, however, was as yet positively known concerning the real point of concentration, the probable strength of the enemy, or his intended offensive movements. Late in the day, Zieten ascertained, through his outposts, that strong French columns, composed of all arms, were assembling in his front, and that every thing portended an attack on the following morning. Zieten's communication of this intelligence reached Blücher between nine and ten o'clock on the night of the 14th."

To Zieten fell the honour of first crossing swords with the emperor. With his head-quarters at Fontaine l'Évêque, he occupied the line between Binche and the Sambre; his left extending nearly to Namur; his reserve being posted between the river and Fleurus. Here again occurs a refutation of this charge of surprise against the allied generals—a charge which really comes contradicted at every step of the campaign. As early as the 2nd of May, an order was issued by General Zieten to his brigadiers, contemplating the possible advance of the enemy by Binche or Maubeuge, and making arrangements for the concentration of the different brigades to resist the movement.

While Napoleon was meditating on his intended order of attack he received a despatch from Gérard, announcing that Bourmont, with the Colonels Clouet and Villoutreys, had deserted to the enemy—a circumstance which caused some delay, by inducing him to alter his dispositions.

On the morning of the 15th, the French crossed the frontier in three columns, and moved on Charleroi.

"Towards four o'clock in the morning the engagement began along the line of the Prussian outposts, which were speedily driven in, and forced to retire upon their supports. Zieten, upon discovering the whole French army in motion, and perceiving by the direction of the advance of its columns, that Charleroi and its vicinity would probably form the main object of the attack, sent out the necessary orders to his brigades. The 1st was to retire upon Gosselies; the 2nd was to defend the three bridges over the Sambre, at Marchiennes, Charleroi, and Chatelet, for a time sufficient to enable the 1st brigade to reach Gosselies, and thus to prevent its being cut off by the enemy, after which it was to retire behind Gilly; the 3rd and 4th brigades, as also the reserve cavalry and artillery, was to concentrate as rapidly as possible, and to take up a position in rear of Fleurus."

Zieten's corps, pressed by numbers, retreated slowly before the overwhelming masses of the French, desperately assailed on every point, but still admirably fulfilling the duty assigned to them, of delaying the advance of the enemy until the concentration of the Prussian army could be effected. The Prussian's loss on the 15th amounted to 1200 men; the charges of the French cavalry having dealt tremendous carnage among the landwehr, and the fusileer battalion of the twenty-eighth regiment, which was totally overthrown on the bank of the Sambre.

The work of concentration was now begun by Blücher. The third corps at Namur was ordered to march on Sombref, where a portion of the second corps had already arrived; and an order was sent to Bülow to move with the fourth from Hannut to Genbloux. An unhappy mistake prevented Bülow's compliance with this despatch, and thus the arrival of the fourth Prussian corps at the battle of Ligny was rendered impossible—an event which might, in all likelihood, have changed the fortunes of that hard fought day.

Late in the evening, Captain von Bülow arrived at Prince Blücher's headquarters at Sombref, with the intelligence that the arrival of the fourth corps on the field could not be calculated on, and that all the dispositions for the battle should be made independent of them. On the same evening the Duke of Wellington learned the news of the French advance—fully prepared for the intelligence, but only uncertain how soon it might arrive.

"The following were the movements ordered by the Duke. Upon the left of the army, which was nearest to the presumed point of attack—Perponcher's and Chasse's Dutch-Belgian divisions were to be assembled that night at Nivelles, on which point Alten's British division (the 3d) was to march as soon as collected at Braine-le-Comte; but this movement was not to be made until the enemy's attack upon the right of the Prussian army and the left of the Allied army had become a matter of certainty. Cooke's British division (the 1st) was to be collected that night at Eughem and to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice.

"Along the central portion of the army—Clinton's British division (the 2d) was to be assembled that night at Ath, and to be in readiness also to move at a moment's notice. Colville's British division (the 4th) was to be collected that night at Grammont, with the exception of the troops beyond the Scheldt, which were to be moved to Audenarde.

"Upon the right of the army—Stedmann's Dutch-Belgian division, and Anthing's Dutch-Belgian (Indian) brigade were, after occupying Audenarde with 500 men, to be assembled at Sotteghem, so as to be ready to march in the morning.

"The cavalry were to be collected that night, at Ninove, with the excep-

tion of the 2nd hussars of the King's German Legion, who were to remain on the look-out between the Scheldt and the Lys; and of Dörnberg's brigade, with the Cumberland hussars, which were to march that night upon Vilvorde, and to bivouac on the high road near to that town.

"The reserve was thus disposed—Picton's British division (the 5th), the 81st British regiment, and Best's Hanoverian brigade (of Cole's division), were to be in readiness to march from Brussels at a moment's notice. Vincke's Hanoverian brigade (of Picton's division) was to be collected that night at Hal, and to be in readiness at day-light on the following morning to move towards Brussels, and to halt on the road between Alost and Assche for further orders. The Duke of Brunswick's corps was to be collected that night on the high road between Brussels and Vilvorde. Kruse's Nassau brigade was to be collected at day-light on the following morning upon the Louvain road, and to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice. The reserve-artillery was to be in readiness to move at daylight."

We have now seen that the first palpable indication of Napoleon's attack was made on the morning of the 15th, up to which time no possible clue could be obtained as to the point on which his first onslaught would be made, or whether several distinct attacks would not be essayed together; and on the evening of the same day the orders we have read were issued by the Duke of Wellington—orders which certainly are indicative of any thing but surprise. It is true, Napoleon on this, as on many other great occasions, depended mainly on the sudden nature of his advance. He calculated that the great advantage of the attacking party is the choice of the position to be assailed. He had succeeded in masking his intentions hitherto, and now, that the eventful moment had arrived, any movement effected with the energy and boldness he ever imparted to his own, might convey the impression of a surprise, inasmuch as it would involve counter-movements, equally rapid, equally decisive. Before such a charge—and it is a grave one, which would rob our greatest captain of the proudest of all laurels—could be preferred, it would be necessary to show that it was a perfectly certain and ascertained fact, Napoleon's advance would be made on the Charleroi road—that he preferred risking the fortune of two pitched battles with enemies severally his equal in number. Without this he assumed, the charge of being surprised falls to the ground. The radius of the circle being a shorter line than the cord of the arch, the duke's concentration around Brussels permitted of his carrying his force at any moment to whatever portion of his extended position might be menaced, with less delay than if he assembled his troops upon some part of the frontier, and was obliged to counter-march them to a remote extremity of the country.

On the afternoon of the 15th of June, Ney was dispatched with forty-six thousand men to occupy Quatre Bras, where the Brussels and Charleroi road is intersected by that from Nivelles to Namur. This important position, if gained, would have cut off the communication between the English and Prussian armies, and have enabled the Emperor to fall with a preponderating force on either at his will. Ney's directions were, while seizing on Quatre Bras in front, to direct an attack in rear of the Prussian army, which had fallen back towards Ligny, and lay about a league distant from Quatre Bras. The thundering of Ney's guns in the rear was to be the signal for the Emperor's own attack in front of the Prussian army.

These orders, be it remembered, were given to Ney on the 15th, after three o'clock in the afternoon, and the same night the Duke of Wellington's counter-movements is ordered at Brussels—viz., the march on Quatre Bras. Where was the surprise there? Is it in not having occupied Quatre Bras, and thus having exposed some other, and perhaps weaker portion of the allied line? There is a phrase in the general order of the duke, dated the same 15th of June, might have suggested some caution in imputing surprise at this time; after detailing at considerable length the various movements to be made by the troops in advance, he adds, "This movement is not to take place until it is quite certain that the enemy's attack is upon the right of the Prussian army and the left of the British Army." Can any thing more clearly demonstrate that his grace was fully in possession of every thing it was possible for him to know? and that knowing, he took every necessary step to oppose their plans?

A general order, dated some hours later, concludes with the words—"The above movements to take place with as little delay as possible. Here is, in this simple passage, perhaps the best and most conclusive refutation of the accusation it is possible to adduce. Having disposed of the charge for the present, let us resume the course of events; and in doing so, our author shall speak for himself.—(To be Continued.)

MY CREOLE COUSIN.

BY ALBANY POYNTE.

A crust of bread and liberty.—POPE.

I am a stranger in England. In every other country in the world I call myself an Englishman; being born of British parents, in a British colony, speaking no other language (a strong evidence of English extraction,) and possessing the usual reserve, awkwardness, loneliness, and touch-me-if-you-dare-ishness of a true Briton. Be that as it may, I am, as I said at first, a stranger in the country of my fathers, in which I had the honour to make my first appearance some twelve months ago.

I have often noticed, that it is an article of religion with colonists to instil, double-grained, into their children the principles and prejudices of the mother-country. Aware that the fosterhood of national institutions and example will be wanting to mould the character of their offspring into due pragmatism, they exaggerate a little on certain points, to leave room for evaporation.

The great glory of my excellent parents was to enlarge upon the distinction of their mother-country in the eyes of the universe as "the LAND OF LIBERTY!" British freedom was the favourite text of my father's domestic preachments; and almost as soon as I could squall I learned to expand my lungs in the burthen of the song, that "Britons never would be slaves." As if anybody dreamed of asking them!

The liberty of the subject, in short, appeared to my boyish imagination as exclusively an English enjoyment as roast-beef and plum-pudding. The inhabitants of other European countries seemed to be walking about in handcuffs or strait-waistcoats, unsuspicious of their enthalment. The contented prosperity of Austria I regarded as little better than idiocy; Russia, trembling under the knout of autocracy, was a craven-bound; Turkey, a corpse from which an imperial vampire had sucked the blood; Spain, a plantation nigger, arrayed in a suit of gaudy calico, beguiling its sense of abasement by dancing to a tom-tom; France, the sprucely-liveried and educated slave, who has (like those of New York) learned to wait at table, and play on the fiddle. But, from Spitzbergen to Cape Matapan, not a living body in Europe that could call its soul its own, saving always the favoured inhabitants of the glorious British Empire.

With this sentiment pervading my whole being, I behaved with suitable arrogance towards the offsets of less-favoured nations. Long before I had tails to

my jackets I knew the full value of being an Englishman; and brought forward the boast whenever I fancied myself put upon, as a policeman brandishes his life-preserver.

My delight, therefore, may easily be conjectured when I set foot last year upon the godlike land that has the gift of enfranchising all who approach its favoured shore.

"Hurrah for the land of liberty!" cried the sailors the moment we saw the Needles; and as heartily did I join in their cheering as though I had been languishing all my life under the tyranny of a pacha. I fancied that now, for the first time since I was born, I was going to enjoy the free use of my limbs and faculties, and on landing began instantly to extend them, with a vague consciousness of delight, that proved highly entertaining to some little boys who were idling on the quay. They uttered, indeed, a variety of odd sounds, which I mistook for Hebrew, knowing that Jews abound in the mother-country; but which I have since learned to constitute the cockney dialect called "slang."

That night I lodged in an hotel, and the first thing I noticed in my rooms was a printed notice that no smoking was allowed in the chambers; which, to a person accustomed to his cigar the last thing at night, and first in the morning, is as a veto on his sleep or his devotions.

Next morning the kinsman who breakfasted with me undertook to introduce me to the metropolis, and instal me in lodgings. My baggage being still at the Custom-House, I had to apologize to Mr. W. for any informality in my toilet. But when we were about to sally forth I saw him look aghast; and after much hemming and hawing he informed me that it was out of the question to make my appearance in a travelling-cap.

"My hat-box is with the rest of my baggage," said I, "and being a total stranger here, no one will notice me."

"I am not a stranger," pleaded my cousin W., "and the thing would be thought preposterous. We can stop at the nearest hatter's, and purchase a hat."

This was easy enough. But even at the hatter's I found I had a lesson of subjection to learn. Accustomed to the exigencies of a hotter climate, I chose a broad-brimmed beaver, which my companion asserted to be as much out of the question as the cap.

"You would be taken for a Quaker! None but a very old man could venture on such a hat in England."

Mistaking reverse of wrong for right, I now selected a very narrow brim, and again stood corrected. At length the exact longitude and latitude admissible under the tyrannies of fashion being adjusted, I cocked my paragon of hats over one eye in triumph, and was leaving the shop, when my cousin entreated me in a fervent and kinsmanly tone to set it straight. "I should be taken for a tiger!"

A little mortified, I betook myself to a very ordinary source of colonial consolation. As I might not take my ease (in the shape of my cigar) in mine inn, I might at least take it in the street. But, on producing my cigar-case, W. again interfered.

"You are now," said he, "in Pall Mall. To smoke here, in broad daylight, would be considered most ungentlemanly."

All that remained for me was to pocket the affront, and the cigar-case!

A moment afterwards, as I endeavoured to detain him, that I might admire a display of forced-fruit in a shop-window, such as I had never expected to see under the skies of the land of liberty, he begged me to pass on. "We should be taken for snobs if we stared into the shop-windows."

As a balm to my galled sides, I proposed calling upon a mutual relative residing at the West End, to whom I was desirous of being presented.

"It is only twelve o'clock!" pleaded my cousin.

"And will not the family be up at that hour?"

"Up? Oh! yes. They are early risers. But it is too soon for a morning visit. It is not the custom in London to go out till after two o'clock; and visitors are consequently not expected earlier."

"But, if every one goes out at the same time, you have no hope of ever finding your friends at home?"

"Very true. But you must take your chance. Believe me, it would be thought monstrous to pay a morning visit to Lady R. at this time of day."

My attention was drawn from his lecture by the sight of a most beautiful woman, who had passed us in a carriage. And I suppose my enthusiasm was somewhat ejaculatory; for Mr. W. implored me to moderate my transports. On seeing the carriage stop at a shop, I proposed to go in, and make some small purchase, to afford me another glimpse of such surpassing loveliness.

But he would not hear of it! The shop was a milliner's. "Our object would be too apparent," said he. "If the lady be respectable, it is an offence to her; if not, we should be making fools of ourselves."

Everything, in short, that I proposed was absurd and irregular! Even when I stopped short beside a crossing, and, taking out my purse, sought deliberately among its contents for a sixpence to bestow on a mutilated sweeper, (when, as usual in such cases, all the sixpences proved to be shillings). "Come on, for heaven's sake!" cried he, impatiently, "it looks so odd to be stopping here!"

I was disappointed, I admit, in the limitation of my morning's pleasures; for my ciccone objected to my taking more than a passing glance at any of the public buildings of the West End. I comforted myself, however, with the prospect of a pleasant dinner; for already my cousin had invited me to dine with him at the Clarendon, which he informed me, was the best eating-house in London.

At seven I met him there by appointment, and I suspect that, even though enhanced by the hat of his selection, my dress did not come within the strict letter of London law; for when I made my appearance he looked singularly uncomfortable. While we were waiting for dinner he gave me a hint not to whistle. In the course of it he took occasion to inform me that spitting in a London room amounted to ostracism. When dinner was over I proposed, on seeing by the evening-papers that it was the opera night, to go and hear Grisi.

"But we are not dressed!" said my cousin.

"We can go into the pit."

"Not in a morning-dress. We look as if we had come off a journey."

"But since we have no ladies to attend, surely it cannot signify?"

It signified, according to his account, prodigies. In the land of liberty people did not go to the pit of the opera in frock-coats and plaid trowsers.

"Well, since we cannot go to the opera," said I, "suppose we take our chance of finding Lady R. at home this evening?"

"This evening! She would think us mad to go to her house, without an invitation."

"But, surely, such near connexion"—I was beginning.

"My dear fellow! it is a liberty that is scarcely taken in London, even between brothers and sisters!"

Woe was me! There was nothing for it but to go home to bed!

It was, perhaps, because aware how much he had startled and vexed me, that my worthy relative called on me a few mornings afterwards, with news that Lady R. was desirous to make my acquaintance, and that he had procured me a ticket for Almack's that very evening, from one of the patronesses with whom he was intimate, to facilitate the introduction; because, having called at her house without finding her, "it would look odd" if I went again.

To Almack's, accordingly, I accompanied him. He appointed half-past eleven to call for me, which I thought late, and which he assured me was early; and into the ball-room we proceeded together. I entered boldly; for *this time* I knew my dress to be unimpeachable.

"As you are in mourning," was my cousin's answer that morning, to my inquiries, "you cannot be much at fault. Everything black but your neckcloth, and you will do very well. Willis has already arranged your hair; and your white gloves are a capital fit."

As I said before, therefore, I entered the ball-room, feeling entitled to look about me *à discrétion*, till the arrival of Lady R.; whom I found, from my companion, had first a private party to attend. But there was enough to occupy my attention! Those pretty, graceful girls, with their enormous redundancy of petticoat, and so little to cover them besides! And the half-dozen supercilious middle-aged ladies, seated apart from the rest, on a bench at the end of the room, like the bishops I had seen the preceding night at the House of Lords, and nearly as old and sour! Several seats near them being vacant, I was about to sit down; but W. informed me that as a stranger it would be "thought odd."

On my presentation to Lady R. and her daughters, I certainly thought *them* odd; and saw little to applaud in the deportment of my English connexions; for the two girls tittered while I was making my bow, and even the mother bit her lips to avoid a smile.

"It is your own fault!" cried W. pettishly, when I took him aside, to complain of their want of civility. "What could tempt you to come here in those infernal trowsers?"

Now, the trowsers he was pleased to call "infernal" were neither more nor less than a pair of perfectly new pantaloons of rich watered silk, such as are esteemed the height of the fashion in my native colony.

"You told me," said I, with some indignation, "that in a complete suit of black I could not be wrong!"

"Suit of black?—Yes!—Of course!—But how was I to suppose it possible there existed such a thing in your wardrobe as watered silk trowsers? How could I imagine that pantaloons were ever made now-a-days in anything but cloth?"

In the course of half-an-hour he came to me in a state of dewy emotion, and advised me strongly to go home.

"You are the laughing-stock of the room," said he, "and if you do not wish to be caricatured, or to get into the Sunday papers, disappear as quietly as you can; and do not come here again till you have completely refitted yourself."

Of course I did not stay to be told twice; and next day assured him that I had given such orders to the tailor recommended by himself as would insure my appearing at the next Almack's in such a suit of sables as a gentleman is permitted to wear in the land of liberty.

"I fear you must content yourself with exhibiting them elsewhere than at Almack's," he replied. "I could not venture to apply for another ticket for you! Your dress last night excited so absurd a sensation, that my fair friend, the patroness, reproached me bitterly with having got her into such a scrape. The other patronesses complimented her cruelly on having the *moiré* dandy on her list."

"I don't know what you mean by your 'fair friend, the patroness,'" cried I, in a pet; "but, I protest that an uglier set of old cats than those you showed me I never beheld!"

"My dear young friend," he gravely replied, "take care what you are about! Such persons as those to whom you allude are never either old or ugly. It is totally inadmissible in good society to talk in the tone you are now using of the ladies in question."

"Since they trouble their heads about my unmentionables, surely I may trouble mine with their rouged faces and false curls!" cried I.

But he would not hear! He was already out of the room; and I saw clearly that for the rest of my stay in town, his introduction would be of little further service.

Still, I fancy I might have done better by sticking to the counsels of one who had certainly no interest in misleading me; for every step I made on my own account proved a *faux pas*! Some nights afterwards, being at the theatre on a sultry night, beset with offers of oranges by the women in attendance, I concluded that if it were not the custom to take such refreshment in the playhouses, they would not have been offered, and rashly peeled an orange in the box where I had obtained a seat. The two gentlemen between whom I was seated, after contemplating me as they would have surveyed an ourang-outang, rose, and quitted the box! I then recollected that some peculiar offence must be conveyed by eating an orange; for, while leaning against the rails in the park the preceding day, to look at the carriages, I had refreshed myself in a similar manner, and excited the same disgust. Oranges, like cigars, are apparently interdicted in the day-time!

It was almost a comfort to me to find that what is called the season was nearly over. For the conventional tyrannies of London would scarcely pursue me in the tour I projected; and in the provinces, at least, I should enjoy those immunities of the land of liberty, so long the *beau idéal* of my imagination. Having encountered my cousin, Lady R. coming out of the opera a night or two before I left town, I ventured to take leave of her; and as it perhaps went against her conscience to have been so little hospitable towards my father's son, she invited me to take her seat in Northamptonshire on my way to the North. It was not for some time afterwards I discovered that the invitation was accorded only to engage me in conversation, and prevent my offering my arm to Miss R. to assist her to the carriage. "I was just the sort of Hottentot," Lady R. had observed, "who would have felt no scruple about appropriating the arm of one of her daughters, though Lord Alfred and the young Marquis of Walsingham were standing by, engaged in conversation with my cousins!"

In the frankness of an unsuspecting heart, however, to Hurst Parva I went; and, having arrived by the mail at the neighbouring post-town before daybreak, slept there, and proceeded in a post-chaise to breakfast with Lady R. As I stood paying the post-boy under the portico, and seeing my portmanteau taken into the house, I perceived through the plate-glass windows of an adjoining room that I was an object of curiosity to a large party assembled there, all of whom were watching my proceedings, and several laughing immoderately; from which I concluded that I was come either at an unseemly hour, or in an unseemly mode of conveyance. This made my *entrées* into the crowded breakfast-room uncomfortable enough, more especially as Lady R. while receiving

me, observed, "Your letter, announcing the favour you intended me, is probably still on the road; for I have had no intimation of your visit."

If she did not say that it was an undesired, as well as an unexpected honor, she certainly looked it; whereupon, in pity to the shortness of her memory, I reminded her that, in parting in the brush-room at the opera, I told her I should pass through Northamptonshire the first week in August.

"Yes; I remember there was some vague talk about your going to Scotland," said she. "But I concluded I should hear from you in the interim. However, I rejoice to find that you are able to spend the day with us on your tour."

I was puzzled and abashed. Did spending the day imply that I was also to spend the night; or was I to return to —, and ship? In the course of the morning, I should perhaps be able to discover; and I therefore determined to stick fast by her ladyship when the rest of the party dispersed for walking or driving. Compassionating the *ennui* I might be supposed to feel, as the only man in the morning-room where the ladies sat at work, she repeatedly informed me that "there was a good billiard-table in the hall; that I should find the library stored with the newest books; that there were saddle-horses at my disposal in the stable, if I wished to ride." But I knew when I was well off, and stuck by the worsted and floss-silk.

At last, a faint whisper from the younger Miss R. to one of her guests of "Shall we *never* get rid of this man?" apprized me that I was *de trop*; on which I betook myself to the room to which the servants informed me my baggage had been conveyed, for the remainder of the day; though, as I went up stairs, I saw the horses bringing round to the hall-door, and longed to join the party in their ride. Wrong again, it seems! I had been *expected* to expiate my importunities by forming part of their escort.

When the whole party were fairly off, I sauntered into the park; and, after a pleasant walk of a mile or two, and passing through several open gates, flung myself at full length to rest upon a bench under some spreading beech-trees. A party of ladies approached me whom I did not recognise; but, concluding them to belong to the large party of Lady R., I took off my hat as they passed. Ten minutes afterwards, a jackanapes in livery came and asked me what I was doing there? I told him I was resting myself. "So he saw!" was his impatient reply. "Was I acquainted with Lord Runtingham?" I asked him, of course, what business that might be of his?—but, not choosing to affect acquaintance with a nobleman I had never heard of, replied in the negative. "Then, what business had I, pray, to intrude, as I had done, upon them ladies?" He ended, in short, with threatening me with a constable; and, having taken me saucily by the arm to enforce his request that I would walk off, I knocked him down.

A couple of stablemen, who had been waiting at a distance, now came up and collared me; and, in spite of all I could urge, I was marched off between them to the parson of the parish, to be examined as a rogue and vagabond. To the magistrate, however, my explanations were perfectly satisfactory. A stranger in England, the guest of Lady R., I was not aware of having quitted her ladyship's premises, or trespassed upon Lord Runtingham's private grounds; still less that I had taken the liberty of bowing to Lady Runtingham, and her mother, the Duchess of H., without the honour of their acquaintance. I proved to him that, though I had been mistaken for an adventurer, I was only an ass.

For my own sake, I determined to keep to myself this disagreeable adventure. But, alas! the Runtingham's, the nearest neighbours of my cousin, formed part of the dinner-party that day at Hurst Magna, and her ladyship was unsparing in her apologies. The Hurst party having dined the preceding day at Runtingham Park, she could not possibly surmise, she said, "that I was a visitor to Lady R. Nothing could have surprised her more than the discovery!"

And, unless I am much mistaken, one of the R.'s whispered a rejoinder of—"or *us* either!"

I need scarcely add that I made my visit at Hurst Magna as short as the bitterest inhospitality on the part of my hostesses could desire. But, having previously intended to spend a week or so with my English relatives, the plan of my journey was unsettled. I had appointed letters to be dispatched to me at given times and places on the road, by my London agents; and, in the fear of missing those from home, which were to acquaint me with the welfare of my parents, resolved to spend the interval at a decentish inn in an obscure post-town in Yorkshire, to which my letters were to be addressed. I had books enough in my portmanteau to render the delay supportable, the environs of the town being sufficiently interesting to one as yet so little versed in the features of the mother country.

While still waiting for my letters, I was struck one day by the following paragraph in a London paper, which I took up on the counter of a stationer's shop, where I was making some purchases:—

"MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE!—Considerable curiosity has been excited in a little market-town, not a thousand miles from Leeds, by the arrival of a genteel youth, apparently of foreign extraction, a total stranger in the place, who has taken up his abode in the principal inn, and is supposed to be seeking temporary concealment, either from creditors or the pursuit of justice. He leads a secluded life, rises early, spends his days entirely alone in his chamber, dines moderately, and retires early to bed, giving not the smallest clue to his projects or connections. We may perhaps forward the ends of justice by stating, that he is about five feet eight inches in height, aquiline nose, light hair, and sandy whiskers. His linen is marked J.R."

Yes—positively!—nothing further was wanting but to advertise me in the *Hue and Cry*! And what had I done? Taken up my abode in a house of entertainment, the master of which would have been handsomely paid at any moment he chose to present his bill,—kept early hours and sober habits,—and uttered no offensive word to man, woman, or child!

I addressed a letter to the editor of the paper, of which no notice was taken. On dispatching a second, he condescended to inform me that the price of insertion would be one pound one. He had simply copied the statement from a provincial paper: the rectification must be demanded at the fountain-head. In my explanation with the editor of the provincial paper, I got into a new quarrel, and was again taken before a magistrate, and this time fined forty shillings for upbraiding, in somewhat strong language, the scribbler who, to enliven his columns had made so unwarrantably free with my reputation. I remonstrated, and was threatened with the mill! Having been forced into the justice-room by the constable in so compulsory a way as to render it impossible for me to take off my hat to the magistrate, I was voted insolent and disorderly, and the words "swell mob" were distinctly whispered. From the first, Sir John "Dogberry had clearly perceived with what sort of person he had to deal!"

Everybody knows that when Pope Clement the Sixth bestowed the *Fortunate Islands* on the son of Louis of Bavaria, the British ambassador at Rome asked for his passport to go home and look after his property; because, on hearing the

bells ring and drums beat in honour of the bestowal of the "Fortunate Islands," he concluded no other country under the sun than his beloved land of Liberty could be intended. I had often laughed in my boyhood at the blunder of his excellency. I now began to perceive that the infatuation of my poor parents was scarcely less deplorable; and, sadly out of conceit with the country of my forefathers, resolved, at the conclusion of a three months' tour in the Highlands, to make the best of my way homewards.

Already I had reached London, meaning to embark from the docks; but, before I left England, I could not resist the temptation of a peep at Windsor Castle; and a peep it was fated to be, her Majesty and the court being in residence, which bars all possibility of access. However, I heard so much of the majesty of the site, that even a glimpse was something.

Arrived by the train one Saturday evening, I contrived to see as much as could be examined from without, from the various quarters accessible; and next morning attended divine service in St. George's chapel, with the view, (is it to my shame to confess it?) not of saying my prayers, but of obtaining a sight of the Queen.

I know not what instinctive feeling of deference instigated me to assume an evening-dress on the occasion; for, once in the chapel, I saw that what I knew from my parents, who were travellers in their youth, to be exacted from attendants upon the royal mass at the Tuileries, was out of place at Windsor. I was the more provoked, from perceiving that so slight a deviation from the routine of custom sufficed to fix upon me the eyes of one of the least reverent congregations of which I ever formed a part.

When the service was over, I was struck by the highly indecorous manner in which disapproval of my costume was testified by the Windsorians. Even the police came and stared in my face, as though I were guilty of a misdemeanour. Unless I am much mistaken, one of them accompanied me home to my inn!

On arriving in town, the first person I happened to meet was my cousin W., in answer to whose inquiries, I informed him whence I was come, and whither I was going.

"You need scarcely have gone to Windsor for a sight of her Majesty," said he. "Two days hence, the Queen will open Parliament in person, and I will take care to procure you a ticket of admission for the interior of the House of Lords."

It was, indeed, the least he could do, in expiation of his preceding neglects. The ticket and the day arrived, and I set off towards Westminster in my usual morning-dress. But lo! as I proceeded through Whitehall, I perceived that the ladies in the various carriages going in the same direction were attired in diamonds, feathers, and all the paraphernalia of court dress. I had still time to rectify my error, and, hastening home, assumed the costume which had been made for me, with a view to the levee which I was fated never to attend. The delay had so unsettled my arrangements, that I arrived at the door of the House just as the Queen was entering.

Contrary, I fancy, to regulation, and thanks to my bag and sword, I was suffered to go in. But I thought the exon of the guard seemed surprised when he took my ticket, which, like all the rest, was a printed card, bearing no specific name. After following the royal cortege, I found myself standing nearer the throne than was altogether agreeable; for several of the personages with white wands, and other insignia of office, looked hard at me, as if cogitating the distich of Hudibras:—

The thing is neither rich nor rare,
But how the devil got it there!

In the interest of the scene before me, however, I soon lost all consciousness of the awkwardness of my position, and, so long as the Queen was engaged in reading her speech, was rivetted, eye, ear, and heart, to her right royal performance of that right royal duty. My interest may indeed have been a little too apparent; for, as the court was leaving the House of Lords at the conclusion of the speech, I saw an ill-looking man in a red roquelaure, having a white wand in his hand, address a few words as he went out to an usher of the House who stood near.

As soon as the last of the royal train had disappeared, this individual, seeing that I did not stir, addressed to me the startling inquiry of "whether I belonged to the household?" I suppose my confusion was pretty evident, as I answered in the negative; for he next took the liberty of asking me, "why, in that case, I appeared in court-dress, and had followed the royal procession after the doors had been closed to the public?"

Somewhat nettled at what appeared just then an opprobrious designation, I answered that I had come in with my ticket; of which he denied the possibility, as the exons would not have received a ticket from any person entering with the Queen.

My answer, probably, savoured of the indignation natural to any well-thinking individual accused of falsehood; and, in answer to my proposition to be confronted with the gray-headed gentleman in a scarlet uniform to whom I had given my ticket, he requested me, more civilly, to follow him; and, as we hurried through the crowded gallery into a small room, I concluded that the disagreeable mistake was about to be cleared up. Three or four strangers were assembled, to one of whom, a keen-looking, middle-aged man, the usher whispered a few words, in which the name of Lord — was audible.

Every eye was now turned towards me; for it seems that the public functionary had brought me into the presence of the inspector of police, on suspicion of being a pickpocket, who had made his way on false pretences into the august assembly!

"A pickpocket!—not he!" cried one of the persons present; and I began really to trust that I had found a friend, when, to my utter horror, he added, "This is the very chap, sir, we were desired to keep an eye upon at Windsor. He was seen hovering about the Castle till dark, on Saturday last, in the most suspicious manner, evidently watching his opportunity to steal in!"

"And steal off, no doubt, with whatever else was to be stolen!" added a facetious idler, who stood by.

"No, sir,—I fancy not. For he attended chapel next morning, and, by his dress and manner, gave unmistakable token that his intellects were deranged. Lord bless you, sir, scarcely a month passes but we have crazy folks at Windsor! It seems to be their first notion, when their heads get wrong, to come and have a look at the Queen."

"Ay, a pretty sort of look!" added the good-natured witness. "Hatfield, and Peg Nicholson, and Oxford to wit!"

Could mortal patience stand this!—I, the most loyal of the Queen's creatures, to labour under an imputation of regicide! I lost my temper and my liberty!

"Search him," said the inspector; and, as nothing was found upon me but a well filled purse and handsome gold pencil-case, and a small paper of white

powder, opinions were divided as to whose pocket I had picked, or into whose food the poison was to be insinuated!

It required, of course, some little time before analysis would determine that the powder was, according to my statement, carbonate of soda, which, since the injury to my digestion caused by my English misadventures, I have been forced to carry about with me,—or the testimony of my landlord tend to prove that the purse and pencil were my own, and myself one of the most harmless individuals extant. Narrowly indeed did I escape an examination at the Home Office; for I was literally afraid of provoking the reproaches of my cousin W., by sending for him to attest my identity, and extricate me from my dilemma.

Of course, all the evening papers teemed with accounts of "DISTURBANCE AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS,"—"A PICKPOCKET IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS,"—"LATEST PARTICULARS,"—"SUPPOSED ATTACK ON HER MAJESTY,"—"THE WINDSOR LUNATIC AGAIN,"—"ACCUSATION OF HIGH TREASON," &c. &c. &c., all which were duly copied from the daily into the weekly papers. One Sunday print, more daring than the rest, placarded the blank walls in the metropolis with pea-green hand-bills, promising an extra sheet, to contain the biography of the supposed assassin of the Queen; to which a rival responded by an advertisement in Gothic characters a foot high, of "CONFESSION OF THE ASSASSIN."

If I did not commit regicide, I was uncommonly near committing *felo-de-se*! For there was my honourable patronymic at full length staring me in the face from all the palings and scaffold-posts between the Peacock at Islington and the Swan-with-two-necks in Lad Lane!

But, what remedy! In the land of liberty, in dealing with an unhappy man, who has not tact to discover when he is to wear a white cravat, or when a black, or the exact meaning of fringed or plain linen in a court-circular, the freedom of the press is incontestable! They may say pretty nearly what they please, leaving you the remedy of making them suffer for it, provided you have fifteen hundred pounds or so to throw away in doing yourself justice.

My passage is now taken, and I am "homeward bound!" All I have acquired by my trip is the conviction that the subordination of conventional life may be so refined upon as to degenerate into the most abject slavery; and henceforward, whenever I join in the parental declaration that "Britons never will be slaves," I shall feel strongly inclined to add, *sotto voce*, "or omit an opportunity of making slaves of other people."

Farewell, therefore, gorgeous London, and the capital bill of fare of the Clarendon! For the rest of the days, ye Gods!

"Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty!"

THE DILIGENCE.

A LEAF FROM A JOURNAL.

A diligence is as familiar to our countrymen as a stage-coach; and, as rail-roads flourish more amongst us than with our less commercial and enterprising neighbours, it is probable that, to many English travellers, it is even more familiar. There is no need, therefore, to describe the portentous vehicle. Suffice it to say, that, of the three compartments into which it is divided, I found myself lodged—not in the *coupee* which looks out in front, and which has the appearance of a narrow post-chaise that has been flattened and compressed in the effort to incorporate it with the rest of the machine—now in the *rotunde* behind, where one rides omnibus-fashion—but in the central compartment, the *interieur*, which answers to the veritable old English stage-coach, and carries six. I was one of the central occupants of this central division; for I had not been so fortunate as to secure a corner seat.

Opposite to me sat a Frenchman, of rather formal and grave demeanour, and dressed somewhat precisely. He was placed in a similar position in the diligence to myself; he had, however curled, up his leathern strap, and fastened it to the roof. Apparently he did not think the posture to which it invited one of sufficient dignity; for during the whole journey, and even when asleep, I observed that he maintained a certain becomingness of posture. Beside me, to the right, sat a little lively Frenchwoman, not very young, and opposite to her, and consequently in front also of myself, was another lady, a person of extreme interest, who at once riveted the eye, and set the imagination at work. She was so young, so pale, so beautiful, so sad, and withal so exceeding gentle in her demeanour, that an artist who wished to portray Our Lady in her virgin purity and celestial beauty, would have been ravished with the model. She had taken off her bonnet for the convenience of travelling, and her dark brown hair hung curled round her neck in the same simple fashion it must have done when she was a child. She was dressed in mourning, and this enhanced the pallor of her countenance; ill-health and sorrow were also evidently portrayed upon her features; but there was so much of lustre in the complexion, and so much of light and intelligence in the eye, that the sense of beauty predominated over all. You could not have wished her more cheerful than she was. Her face was a melody which you could not quarrel with for being sad—which you could not desire to be otherwise than sad—whose very charm it is that it has made the tone of sorrow ineffably sweet.

Much I mused and conjectured what her history might be, and frequently I felt tempted to address myself in conversation to her; but still there was a tranquillity and repose in those long eyelashes which I feared to disturb. It was probable that she preferred her own reflections, melancholy as they might be, to any intercourse with others, and out of respect to this wish I remained silent. Not so, however, my fellow-traveller of her own sex, who, far from practising this forbearance, felt that she acted the kind and social party by engaging her in conversation. And so perhaps she did. For certainly, after some time, the beautiful and pensive girl became communicative, and I overheard the brief history of her sufferings, which I had felt so curious to know. It was indeed brief—it is not a three-volume novel that one overhears in a stage-coach—but it had the charms of truth to recommend it. I had been lately reading Eugene Sue's romance, *The Mysteries of Paris*, and it gave an additional interest to remark, that the simple tale I was listening to from the lips of the living sufferer bore a resemblance to one of its most striking episodes.

The shades of evening were closing round us, and the rest of the passengers seemed to be preparing themselves for slumber, as, leaning forward on my leathern supporter, I listened to the low sweet voice of the young stranger.

"You are surprised," she said in answer to some remark made by her companion, "that one of our sex, so young and of so delicate health, should travel alone in the diligence; but I have no relative in Paris, and no friend on whose protection I could make a claim. I have lived there alone, or in something worse than solitude."

Her companion's quickness of eye, glanced at the rich

toilette of the speaker. It was mourning, but mourning of the most costly description.

"You think," she continued, replying to this glance, "that one whose toilette is costly ought not to be without friends; but mine has been for some time a singular condition. Wealth and a complete isolation from the world have been in my fate strangely combined. They married me!"

"What! are you a married woman and so young?" exclaimed the lady who was addressed.

"I have been; I am now a widow. It is for my husband that I wear this mourning. They took me from the convent where I was educated, and married me to a man whom I was permitted to see only once before the alliance was concluded. As I had been brought up with the idea that my father was to choose a husband for me, and as the Count D— was both handsome and of agreeable manners, the only qualities on which I was supposed to have an opinion, there was no room for objection on my part. The marriage was speedily celebrated. My husband was wealthy. Of that my father had taken care to satisfy himself; perhaps it was the only point on which he was very solicitous. For I should tell you that my father, the only parent I have surviving, is one of those restless unquiet men who have no permanent abode, who delight in travelling from place to place, and who regard their children, if they have any, in the light only of cares and encumbrances. There is not a capital in Europe in which he has not resided, and scarcely a spot of any celebrity which he has not visited. It was therefore at the house of a maiden aunt—to whom I am now about to return—that I was married.

"I spent the first years of my marriage, as young brides I believe generally do, in a sort of trouble of felicity. I did not know how to be sufficiently thankful to Heaven for the treasure I found myself the possessor of; such a sweetness of temper and such a tenderness of affection did my husband continually manifest towards me. After a short season of festivity, spent at the house of my aunt, we travelled together without any other companion towards Paris, where the Count had a residence elegantly fitted up to receive us. The journey itself was a new source of delight to one who had been hitherto shut up, with her instructress, in a convent. Never shall I forget the hilarity, the almost insupportable joy, with which the first part of this journey was performed. The sun shone upon a beautiful landscape, and there was I, travelling alone with the one individual who had suddenly awoke and possessed himself of all my affections—travelling, too, with gay anticipations to the glorious city of Paris, of which I had heard so much, and in which I was to appear with all the envied advantages of wealth.

"As we approached towards Paris, I noticed that my husband became more quiet and reserved. I attributed it to the fatigue of travelling, to which my own spirits began to succumb; and as the day was drawing to a close, I proposed, at the next stage we reached, that we should rest there, and resume our journey the next morning. But in an irritable and impetuous manner, of which I had never seen the least symptom before, he ordered fresh horses, and bade the postillion drive on with all the speed he could. Still as we travelled he grew more sullen, became restless, incommunicative, and muttered occasionally to himself. It was now night. Leaning back in the carriage, and fixing my eye upon the full moon that was shining brightly upon us, I tried to quiet my own spirit, somewhat ruffled by this unexpected behaviour of my husband. I observed, after a short time, that his eye also had become riveted on the same bright object; but not with any tranquillizing effect, for his countenance grew every minute more and more sombre. On a sudden he called aloud to the postillion to stop—threw open the carriage-door, and walked in a rapid pace down towards a river that for some time had accompanied our course. I sprang after him. I overtook, and grasped him as he was in the very act of plunging into the river. O my God! how I prayed, and wept, and struggled to prevent him from rushing into the stream. At length he sat down upon the bank of the river; he turned to me his wild and frenzied eye—he laughed—O Heaven! he was mad!

"They had married me to a madman. Cured, or presumed to be cured, of his disorder, he had been permitted to return to society; and now his malady had broken out again. He who was to be my guide and protector, who was my only support, who took the place of parent, friend, instructor—he was a lunatic!

"For three dreadful hours did I sit beside him on that bank—at night—with none to help me—restraining him by all means I could devise from renewed attempts to precipitate himself into the river. At last I succeeded in bringing him back to the carriage. For the rest of the journey he was quiet; but he was imbecile—his reason had deserted him.

"We arrived at his house in Paris. A domestic assisted me in conducting him to his chamber; and from that time I, the young wife, who the other morning had conceived herself the happiest of beings, was transformed into keeper of a maniac—of a helpless or a raving lunatic. I wrote to my father. He was on the point of setting out upon one of his rambling expeditions, and contented himself with appealing to the relatives of my husband, who, he maintained, were the proper persons to take charge of the lunatic. They on the other hand, left him to the care of the new relations he had formed by a marriage, which had interfered with their expectations and claims upon his property. Thus I was left alone—a stranger in this great city of Paris, which was to have welcomed me with all its splendours, and festivities, and its brilliant society—my sole task to soothe and control a maniac husband. It was frightful. Scarcely could I venture to sleep an hour together—night or day—lest he should commit some outrage upon himself or on me. My health is irretrievably ruined. I should have utterly sunk under it; but, by God's good providence, the malady of my husband took a new direction. It appeared to prey less upon the brain, and more upon other vital parts of the constitution. He wasted away and died. I indeed live; but I, too, have wasted away, body and soul, for I have no health and no joy within me."

Just at this time a low murmuring conversation between my two fellow-countrymen, at my left, broke out, much to my annoyance, into sudden exclamation.

"By G—! sir," cried one of them, "I thrashed him in the *Grande Place*, right before the hotel there—what's its name!—the first hotel in Petersburg. Yes, I had told the lout of a postillion, who had grazed my britska against the curbstone of every corner we had turned, that if he did it again I would punish him; that is, I did not exactly tell him—for he understood no language but his miserable Russian, of which I could not speak a word—but I held out my fist in a significant manner, which neither man nor brute could mistake. Well, just as we turned into the *Grande Place*, the lubber grazed my wheel. I jumped out of the carriage—I pulled him—boots and all—off his horse, and how I cuffed him! My friend Lord L— was standing at the window of the hotel, looking out for my arrival, and was a witness to this exploit. He was almost dead with laughter when I came up to him."

"I once," said his interlocutor, "thrashed an English postillion after the same fashion; but your Russian, with his enormous boots, must have afforded capital sport. When I travel I always look out for fun. What else is the use of travelling? I and young B—, whom you may remember at Oxford, were at a ball together at Brussels, and what do you think we did? We strewed cayenne pepper on the floor, and no sooner did the girls begin to dance than they began incontinently to sneeze. Ladies and gentlemen were curtsying, and bowing, and sneezing to one another in the most ludicrous manner conceivable."

"Ha! ha! ha! Excellent! By the way," rejoined the other, "talking of Brussels, do you know who has the glory of that famous joke practised there upon the statues in the park? They give the credit of it to the English, but on what ground, except the celebrity they have acquired in such feats, I could never learn."

"I know nothing of it. What was it?"

"Why, you see, amongst the statues in the little park at Brussels are a number of those busts without arms or shoulders. I cannot call to mind their technical name. First you have the head of a man, then a sort of decorated pillar instead of a body, and then again, at the bottom of the pillar there protrude a couple of naked feet. They look part pillar and part man, with a touch of the mummy. Now, it is impossible to contemplate such a figure without being struck with the idea, how completely at the mercy of every passer-by are both its nose—which has no hand to defend it—and its naked toes, which cannot possibly move from their fixed position. One may tweak the one, and tread upon the other, with such manifest impunity. Some one in whom this idea, no doubt wrought very powerfully, took hammer and chisel, and shied off the noses and the great toes of several of these mummy-statues. And pitiful enough they looked next morning."

"Well, that was capital!"

"And the best of it is, that even now, when the noses have been put on again, the figures look as odd as if they had none at all. The join is so manifest, and speaks so plainly of past mutilation, that no one can give to these creatures, let them exist as long as they will, the credit of wearing their own noses. The jest is immortal."

The recital of this excellent piece of fun was followed by another explosion of laughter. The Frenchman who sat opposite to me—a man, as I have said of grave but urbane deportment, became curious to know what it was that our neighbours had been conversing about, and which had occasioned so much hilarity. He very politely expressed this wish to me. If it was not an indiscretion, he should like to partake, he said, in the wit that was flowing round him; adding, perhaps superfluously, that he did not understand English.

"Monsieur, I am glad of it," I replied.

Monsieur, who concluded from my answer that I was in a similar predicament with respect to the French language, bowed and remained silent.

Here the conversation to my left ceased to flow, or subsided into its former murmuring channel, and I was again able to listen to my fair neighbours to the right. The lively dame who sat by my side had now the word; she was administering consolations and philosophy to the young widow.

"At your age, health," said she, "is not irretrievable, and, sweet madam, your good looks are left you. A touch of rouge upon your cheek, and you are quite an angel. And then you are free—you will one day travel back again to Paris with a better escort than you had before."

And here she gave a sigh which prepared the hearer for the disclosure that was to follow.

"Now I," she continued, "have been married, but, alas! am not a widow.

I have a husband standing out against me somewhere in the world. In the commercial language of my father, I wish I could cancel him."

"What! he has deserted you?" said her fair companion, in a sympathizing tone.

"You shall hear, my dear madam. My father, you must know, is a plain citizen. He did not charge himself with the task of looking out a husband for his girls; he followed what he called the English plan—let the girls look out for themselves, and contented himself with a *veto* upon the choice, if it should displease him. Now Monsieur Lemaire was a perfect Adonis; he dressed, and danced, and talked to admiration; no man dressed, danced, or talked better; his mirth was inexhaustible—his good-humour unflinching."

Well, thought I to myself, what is coming now? This lady, at all events, chose with her own eyes, and had her own time to choose in. Is her experience to prove, that the chance of securing a good husband is much the same, let him be chosen how he may?

"No wonder, then," continued the lady, "that I accepted his proposal. The very thought of marrying him was paradise; and I did marry him."

"And so you were really in paradise?" said the widow, with a gentle smile.

"Yes, yes! it was a paradise. It was a constant succession of amusements; theatre, balls, excursions—all enjoyed with the charming Lemaire. And he so happy, too! I thought he would have devoured me. We were verily in paradise for three months. At the end of which time he came one morning into the room swinging an empty purse into the air—'Now, I think,' said he with the same cheerful countenance that he usually wore, 'that I have proved my devotion to you in a remarkable manner. Another man would have thought it much if he had made some sacrifice to gain possession of you for life; I have spent every farthing I had in the world to possess you for three months. Oh, that those three months were to live over again! But every thing has its end.' And he tossed the empty purse in his hand."

"I laughed at what I considered a very pleasant jest; for who did not know that M. Lemaire was a man of ample property? I laughed still more heartily as he went on to say, that a coach stood at the door to take me back to my father, and begged me not to keep the coachman waiting, as in that case the fellow would charge for time, and it had taken his last sou to pay his fare by distance. I clapped my hands in applause of my excellent comedian. But gracious Heavens! it was all true! There stood the coach at the door, the fare paid to my father's house, and an empty purse was literally all that I now had to participate with the gay, wealthy, accomplished Lemaire."

"What!" I exclaimed with rage and agony, as the truth broke upon me, "do you desert your wife?"

"Desert my charming wife!" he replied. "Ask the hungry pauper, who turns his back upon the fragrant restaurant, if he deserts his dinner. You are as beautiful, as bright, as lovely as ever—you cannot think with what a sigh I quit you!"

"But"—and I began a torrent of recrimination.

"But," said he, interrupting me, "I have not a sou. For you," he continued, "you are as charming as ever—you will win your way only the better in the world for this little experience. And as for me—I have been in Elysium for three months; and that is more than a host of your excellent prudent men

can boast of, who plod on day after day only that they may continue plodding to the end of their lives. Adieu! my adorable—my angel that will now vanish from my sight!" And here, in spite of my struggles, he embraced me with the greatest ardour, and then, tearing himself away as if he only were the sufferer, he rushed out of the room. I have never seen him since."

"And such men really exist!" said the young widow, moved to indignation. "For so short a season of pleasure he could deliberately compromise the whole of your future life."

"Is it not horrible! His father, it seems, had left him a certain sum of money, and this was the scheme he had devised to draw from it the greatest advantage. *Mais, mon Dieu!*" added the lively Frenchwoman, "of what avail to afflict one's-self? Only if he would but die before I am an old woman! And then those three months!"

Here the diligence suddenly stopped, and the conductor opening the door, invited us to step out and take some refreshment, and so put an end for the present to this medley conversation.

MILITARY ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILKIE.

The military operations and adventures of Clive in India may be called the romance of history, more particularly during the war in the Carnatic, and before that celebrated man removed the scene of his exploits to Bengal. It would be difficult to say which of these reflected most credit on that gallant officer; but I may be allowed to select an instance that will show his presence of mind, and it further deserves notice as being dissimilar to anything recorded in military annals, or that may hereafter occur. Although not partaking of the nature of a farce, it might well have been denominated the "Mistakes of a Night." It will appear, also, that desertion to the enemy was more common in our service than then latterly.

The British force under Major Lawrence had its head-quarters at Trichinopoly. The French commanded by M. Law, were posted at Seringham, to the north of the river Coleroon, which, flowing past Trichinopoly on its right bank, falls into the sea at Devi Cotta. It was suggested to Major Lawrence, by Capt. Clive, that it would be a most desirable object to cut off the communication between Seringham and Pondicherry. The Major, who at all times cherished the rising military talents of his young friend, readily fell into his views, but the difficulty was, how could it be accomplished, seeing that Clive, to whom he wished to entrust it, was the junior Captain of the army. This objection was, however, overruled by the native allies, who refused to give their contingent to the enterprise unless it was commanded by the defender of Arcot. The force placed under Clive, a pretty tolerable command, by the way, for a young Captain,—consisted of 400 Europeans, 700 Sepoys, 3000 Mahrattas, and 1000 Tanjore horse, with eight pieces of artillery, two of which were battering guns. With this force Capt. Clive marched from Trichinopoly on the morning of the 6th of April, 1752, and crossing the Coleroon before daylight, threw himself directly on the French communication, and took a position at the pagoda of Samiaveram, which lies seven miles north of the river, between Seringham and Uttatore, on the high road to Pondicherry. Dupleix, the French Governor of Pondicherry, being dissatisfied with the inactivity of Law at Seringham, sent M. D'Autueil to supersede him, accompanied by 700 men.

As it was of the greatest consequence to intercept this detachment, which it was understood meant to try to form a junction with Law by a circuitous route, Clive no sooner learned that they had left Uttatore than he marched out to meet them, leaving only a few troops to guard his post, which he had strengthened and fortified. D'Autueil, alarmed at his approach, fell back on Uttatore, and Clive immediately returned to his position at Samiaveram. Law, who had heard of his departure, and was not aware of his return, hoped to carry the post by a *coup de main*, and detached eighty Europeans, forty of whom were English deserters, and seven hundred sepoy, for that purpose. The officer who commanded the detachment was met by a spy, who informed him of the return of the British troops; but this was supposed to be a treacherous report, and the French detachment continued its march. Its advance was challenged by the English sepoy, and was answered by an Irish officer who commanded the deserters, that it was a detachment sent by Major Lawrence to reinforce Capt. Clive; the deserters speaking English, confirmed the story strongly, that the sepoy never thought it necessary to ask for the countersign, but sent one of the guard to conduct the detachment of the enemy to head-quarters. They continued their route through a part of the Mahratta camp without molestation, until they arrived in front of the lesser pagoda, and close to the neighbouring Choultry, where Capt. Clive lay asleep; the sentries from both these places challenged, but the only answer was a volley into each, and rushing into the pagoda, the enemy put to the sword all they met with. Clive started up, but as he never could imagine that an enemy could have found the way unmolested to the centre of his camp, he imputed the firing to some alarm of the sepoy. He, however, started off directly to the upper pagoda, where his European soldiers were stationed, who had taken the alarm, and were under arms; with two hundred of these he returned directly to the Choultry, where he saw a large body of sepoy drawn out and firing at random. As they faced towards the enemy's encampment, he naturally supposed that they were his own people who had taken some foolish alarm; drawing up his Europeans within a few yards of their rear, he then went in alone amongst them, ordering them to cease firing, and upbraiding them with their panic. One of them discovering he was an Englishman, attacked and wounded him in two places with his sword, but getting the worst of it, ran off to the lower pagoda. Clive, enraged at this attack from a man he imagined in his own service, followed him to the gate, where, to his astonishment, he was accosted by six Frenchmen. In a moment the whole truth flashed on him; but with presence of mind rarely equalled, he told the French, with great coolness, that he came to offer them terms. The firmness with which he spoke, made such an impression, that three of the French ran into the pagoda with the intelligence, and the other three surrendered to Capt. Clive, who led them to the Choultry, when he hastened to join his Europeans, and attack the sepoy, who he was now aware were enemies; but they, in the meantime, having discovered the scrape they had got into, marched off in presence of these Europeans, who supposing them to have received orders from Capt. Clive, and having no suspicion of their being enemies, offered them no molestation. The English troops had all now assembled, and Capt. Clive imagining that such a desperate attack could not have been made unless supported by the enemy's whole force, resolved to storm the pagoda before assistance could arrive. One of the two folding-doors of the gateway had been taken down to be repaired, but the other was strongly stapled down, so that the entrance would only admit two men abreast. The attack was made with great resolution, but the deserters within, who fought "with a rope round

their neck," killed an officer and fifteen men, and the attack was discontinued until daylight, at which time the French commanding officer, seeing the danger of his situation, sallied forth at the head of his men, but was received with so heavy a fire, that he and twelve others were killed, when the rest ran back to the pagoda. Capt. Clive then advanced to the pagoda to parley with the enemy; he had his back to the wall of the porch, but being faint from loss of blood and fatigue, he leaned forward, supported by two Sergeants, who stood thus in a side-long position. The officer who commanded the deserters before alluded to, came forward, and abusing Capt. Clive in the grossest manner, fired his musket at him, the ball missed him, but killed both the Sergeants. The Frenchman had hitherto defended the pagoda for the sake of the English deserters, but wishing to disavow this treacherous act, the officer who commanded surrendered immediately. Meanwhile the retreating body of the enemy's sepoy had marched out of the camp with as little molestation as when they entered it; but Innis Khan, the Mahratta chief noticed in the preceding anecdote, having been but on the scent, overtook them at daybreak on the open plain, and before they could reach the banks of the river. This was exactly the sort of fun in which the Mahrattas delighted; the sepoy threw away their arms, and dispersed in all directions, but were so eagerly hunted down, that not one of the seven hundred escaped to tell the tale.

While people are hunting up all sorts of fictitious narratives to furnish forth melo-dramas, it is singular that this real story should have escaped them.

During the period of civil wars, individuals often gain prominence and distinction, which, when opposed to more regular troops, they fail to support; of which Oliver Cromwell's General Venables was a strong example, as it may be accounted for in the first instance by the knowledge of the temper and disposition of the opponents, and acquaintance with the country and localities, which they have all to learn when employed against a foreign enemy. During the foolish wars of la Ligue in France, at the end of the sixteenth century, M. Du Rolet, who was Governor of Point d'Arche, formed a design, in conjunction with Capt. Martin, to surprise the town of Louviers in Normandy, then garrisoned by the League, (not the Anti-Corn Law); this they effected with the assistance of a priest, a Corporal, and a tradesman of the town. The priest took upon him to keep watch in the belfry, and not to make any alarm at the advance of the troops, and the two others promised to give up the gate. These plans being arranged, Du Rolet sent forward seven resolute soldiers with black scarfs, the distinguishing mark of the League, who stopped under the gate, where the Corporal and the tradesman talked with them as persons of their own party, when the latter having given the signal that it was time to fall on, Du Rolet's troops sallied from their ambush, ran to the gate, got possession, cut the guard to pieces, and soon became masters of the town, being immediately supported by troops sent by Baron de Biron.

Corsica is celebrated by being the birth-place of Paoli and Bonaparte, and has been at all times remarkable for the restless and unquiet disposition of its inhabitants, which has produced numberless revolts and insurrections. During the disturbances which took place there in 1739, M. Vedel was sent on detachment to the village Chisoni. The priest of the parish in which it was situated, had asked the senior French officer to allow the penitents of a neighbouring convent to come in procession to the village on a certain day, according to an annual custom, which was granted. M. Vedel observed this procession at a distance, and was surprised to see it so numerous; being consequently distrustful in a country in a state of revolt, he turned out his detachment under arms, and thus disconcerted a plan laid for his surprise; as, on seizing some of these so-called penitents, he found them with swords and pistols concealed about their persons; having made them prisoners, he reported the circumstance to Marshal Maillebois, who commanded in Corsica, who, after praising M. Vedel's activity, ordered him to hang such of the penitents as had arms concealed, and the priest with them.

Our last campaign in Flanders, and the movements of the French army previous to the battles at Ligny and Waterloo, have made most persons familiar with the name of Charleroi. When this place was garrisoned by Austrians, and besieged by the French in 1746, M. de Lautrec who commanded in the trenches, thought that the capture of the redoubt of Marinelle, which covered the lower town, would materially accelerate the operations of the siege; he directed M. de Roche Fermoy, an intelligent and brave officer, to take a close view of it, who set out soon after it was dark, attended by only one man; they glided silently between the enemy's sentries, and passing over the glacis, and descending into the covert way stood at the edge of the counterscarp, and sounded the water in the ditch, which was generally of considerable depth, but in one place it diminished to six feet, and a little further on was not above four. He also ascertained that the scarp was fraised and palisaded, and the post defended by several pieces of cannon; it had been previously known that the usual garrison consisted of three officers and fifty men. On returning to make his report, he tied his cockade to some reeds opposite to the place where the water was only four feet in depth, and on his way back, dropped his coat to guide him when he should return to attack the post. When he reported his discoveries to M. Lautrec, on his return to the trenches, that officer gave him forty chosen men for the purpose, and to aid the enterprise, he detached M. de la Morliere, Captain of Grenadiers, to the opposite side of the redoubt, who, by drawing the fire of the garrison in that direction would favour the real attack. When M. de Roche Fermoy got within a short distance of the foot of the glacis, he made his men lie down close, and wait for the signal, which was given an hour before daylight. When this officer, passing rapidly over the glacis, arrived at the counterscarp, he made his men put their cartridge-boxes on their heads, to keep them dry, and then descended into the ditch. Being provided with axes, they cut away as many of the fraises and palisades as left a clear passage, scrambled over the parapet, and attacked the enemy with fixed bayonets, who, being surprised by such an unexpected visit, sought safety in flight; but a part of the assailants interposing between them and the town, drew up the drawbridge, and the garrison was forced to surrender at discretion.

Presence of mind and decision are of the greatest value to every officer, but more especially to those of light cavalry, as the following instance may prove. Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who was one of the most active Generals of his time, took a fancy for beating up the French quarters in the month of February, 1761. He took several prisoners, and forced the enemy to retire a great way and in some confusion before they could collect their force. When that was effected however, they recoiled, and became in turn the assailants. Sir William Erskine, who commanded the 16th British Light Dragoons, which was so often distinguished during these campaigns, was stationed in a village in front of the army; on a very foggy morning, soon after the patrols had reported that everything was quiet in front, Sir William was alarmed by his videttes reporting that they had seen a large body of cavalry marching to surprise

him. He instantly mounted his horse, and rode out at the head of the picket of fifty men, leaving orders for his regiment to follow as fast as they could mount, without sound of trumpet or any other noise. He immediately began a skirmish with the advanced guard of the enemy, while his men were joining him by tens and twenties, whilst the French were preparing to receive an attack. When he had got his whole regiment collected thus, he began his retreat leisurely; the Surgeon of the regiment, Mr. Elliott, having in the mean time retired with his baggage.

Few fortresses have gained so much renown as the Castle of St. Angelo, which, projecting on a tongue of land in the centre of the harbour of Malta, completely commands its entrance; it is generally the station of two companies of Infantry, and the head-quarters of the Artillery on the Burmola side of the harbour. Some time after the place fell into our hands, this castle afforded shelter to Major Sproule, the senior officer of Artillery. The soldiers' barracks, although confined, are constructed with some degree of regularity; but the officers' quarters are, or at least were, at the time I speak of, like the cells of a beehive, without their regularity, and stuck together after the manner when a man endeavours to transform a farm-house into a gentleman's mansion. Among this nest of rooms the Major had chosen for his sitting apartment near the top of the fort one where the floor was sunk two feet below the level of the passage, and into which you descended by a couple of steps. The weather at Malta, at the end of February, is cold and boisterous, and the great gun thought a fire would be a pleasant addition to his comforts; he had bought an English grate, and some coals, nothing was wanting but a chimney in the sunken room alluded to; this was soon constructed by a mason of the Artillery—the grate fitted, and all looked very neat. On the day that it was finished, the Major was engaged to dine and sleep at Valetta, but he directed his servant to have the fire lighted when he returned to his breakfast the next morning. The night proved very tempestuous, with a deluge of rain, and a stream of water, projected from the rampart above, pitched right on the mouth of the chimney, and filled the room below.

The servant would have baled out the water, having removed all the articles of furniture, except a large barrack table; but this was prevented by a Mr. Beetinson, an officer of the 35th, quartered there, who was a bit of a wag, and intended to draw some fun out of this watery visitation. He watched the Major crossing over in a boat from Valetta, wrapped up in coats, with an umbrella over his head, from which he peeped occasionally to see if he could catch a glimpse of the smoke of his pet chimney. After landing, he hurried up the steep ascent of the castle, figuring to himself his breakfast-table laid out near a comfortable fire. On opening his door, however, a very different object presented itself—Beetinson sitting on the table, the bottom of his trowsers rolled up, without shoes or stockings, what appeared a fishing-rod and line in his hand, and surrounded by water: as the Commandant started back at this unexpected sight, the fisherman called out, "Hush, hush! I have just got a glorious bite."

General Villette, who commanded for some time in Malta, was a man of small and delicate figure, but the most critically-correct military dressed person I ever saw; like others of French extraction, who sometimes use female Christian names, the General's were William Anne Villette. When he appeared on the parade at guard-mounting, the very beau ideal of a smart-dressed soldier, the youths used to whisper, "Here comes Nancy out of her bandbox."

Although precise in his attire the General was very easy and gentlemanlike in his manners, kind and hospitable. When at the peace of Amiens, Mr. Addington smashed, with such precipitation, the battalions which, six months afterwards, he would have given his eyes for, General Villette invited all the officers liable to reduction to dine with him, dividing them into two divisions; as they were talking over their melancholy prospects, he said, "Gentlemen, I think I shall be worse off than any of you; at present I am the Commandant here, and Colonel of a regiment, (one of the Greek corps,) and I shall be reduced on ten shillings a day." This was of course previous to the pay of General officers being put on a regular footing.

I have related, previously, the circumstance of an officer entrapping the judge advocate to let out the opinion of a court-martial; he was a funny fellow that same Mr. Mansergh, and a great lover of practical jokes. There is a stone seat runs along in front of the Palace at Malta, which, being sheltered from the sun in the early part of the day, is a great lounge after guard-mounting, where all sorts of yarn used to be spun, and quizzical stories invented. Mansergh was a constant visitor here. The Maltese lawyers employed about the courts have a regular sort of costume, generally of black silk, with shoes and buckles, and depending from each shoulder a black band, something like a lady's lappet, that denotes their profession; they are also armed with a silk cocked hat, which they usually carry in their hands. Whenever Mansergh would see one of these figures marching solemnly up the *Strada reale*, he would look out on the bench above-mentioned for some young officer just come to the garrison, to whom he would go up, and taking him by the arm would say, "I am going to introduce you to one of the most distinguished men of the island, Signor Pisani," or any name that came uppermost, and lead the youth to encounter the lawyer, to whom he generally addressed himself in Italian, and begged to introduce Mr. Thomson or Mr. Johnson; and when he had fairly set the two to bowing he would slip off and leave them in astonishment and confusion, as neither could ask the other what all this meant for want of language.

He was quartered some years afterwards at Tullamore, in Ireland, with the second battalion of the 30th. They were, as usual, at mess, canvassing the characters of the natives, when mention was made of a quaker whose name I forget, but who had the reputation of being very rich and possessing an excellent cellar of wine, but that he had never been known to entertain a guest. "Oh!" said Mansergh, "that's just the sort of man I should like to dine with;" he was told that was nearly impossible, the man of drab was impregnable; "Never mind," replied he, "about his being inaccessible, I will bet a rump and dozen I dine with him and drink some of his claret;" the bet was taken and booked. The next day, Mansergh, taking off his sash and sword-belt, and putting on a round hat, ran up to the quaker's door, about a quarter of an hour before the usual time of dinner; he knocked loudly at the door, which was opened by a servant maid; "Pray, my good girl, allow me just to stand behind your door for a few minutes, till the General leaves the street; if he sees me in this dress, he will be dreadfully angry." "By all means, Sir, pray walk in;" so he did, and the door was shut after him. This might be called making a lodgment in the Ravelin.

The quaker hearing the noise in the passage went out of his dining-room where he usually sate, and was rather surprised to see an officer in the hall; the story was repeated, and the stranger was invited to walk in and sit down; here he found the lady of the house seated with some of her children. M.

immediately found the way to the heart of the quakeress, by praising the children and beginning to play with them; he likewise distributed among them some sweetmeats, which he said he had bought for his own children. While this was passing the maid came in to lay the cloth, which seemed to increase the visitor's uneasiness; he kept poking his head at the windows, saying, that the General, he believed, would never go, that being his near relation, any irregularity on his part would be much more noticed than if it occurred with a stranger, begging all the while the host and his wife to excuse the intrusion; at length the former said, "he was sorry that the gentleman felt so unpleasant but he hoped he would not think it any intrusion; that as they were just going to dinner, perhaps he would take pot luck; before it was finished, his relation would probably leave the street; this was accepted with feigned reluctance and a thousand apologies; the joint came in, and the trio ate down, the hero of the story pretty certain of winning his bet. There was some good ale at dinner, but no wine; when the repast concluded, the man in drab asked the man in scarlet what he would like to drink? adding, that he generally took a little warm whiskey and water himself, to which his guest replied, that there was nothing he was more partial to than whiskey, but that his medical adviser had strictly forbidden him the use of it, owing to a complaint to which he was subject, and would not allow him to drink anything but claret. Although somewhat startled at the nature of the prescription, the host, "on civil thoughts intent," was not inclined to challenge its merits, but descended to his cellar and brought up a fine ancient-looking bottle, the contents of which the visitor declared to be excellent, and insisted on the hostess taking a glass; he went on chatting in his most agreeable manner, and telling wonderful stories of what he had seen, until the landlord's heart was so opened, that he actually produced a second bottle; at the conclusion of this, the guest saw that he had got to the end of the tether; after ascertaining that the streets were clear of General Officers, he took his leave of his entertainer, who seemed much pleased with his acquaintance; his sentiments on that head probably altered in a few days afterwards, when the whole story got wind.

There is a neat little theatre where the officers used sometimes to get up amateur plays; at one of these exhibitions was present the master of a merchant-ship lying in the bay; after looking about him for some time, he began to spell the motto over the drop-scene, *Canendo, ridendo, corrigo Mores*. "Pray, Sir," said he to an officer of engineers who sate next him, "what is the meaning of those words?" The reply was "Oh! they mean, by caning and riding, we correct the Moors." "And a very sensible saying it is," was the rejoinder, "as I never saw a lazier or more indolent-looking set of rascals than the Moors that you meet in the streets at every turn, and I should like to give them a caning myself."

When Malta surrendered to the blockading force in September, 1800, the peasants who had got admittance to the Floriana, began to plunder some of the houses from which the inhabitants had fled—an Irish friend said to me, "What a shame it is that the Maltese should be allowed to go into the empty houses and take away the furniture."

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ITALIAN.

AN EVENING PARTY AT M. NECKER'S IN 1790.

The destruction of the Bastille, attended as it was by political consequences, marked the era of a great change in the society of Paris, to which I had been a short while before introduced. Notwithstanding the occurrence of disorders amongst the populace, there was a general feeling of satisfaction with the change. The Parisians, gay, fickle, and voluptuous at that time, as they have ever since been, had begun to mingle together without regard to castes and classes, and it had become customary to meet, at all great parties, the men eminent for talent and public services, as well as those whose distinction lay in mere rank. It was universally acknowledged by such of the nobility themselves as had remained after the first emigration, that this was a great improvement.

The parties given at the house of M. Necker, where his daughter, Madame de Staël, presided, were of the highest brilliancy, being attended by a great number of persons of distinction, both foreign and French, as well as by the principal men of science and literature of the time, and all those who had come into notice in consequence of the recent political movements. The particular party of which I am now to speak was given to celebrate the anniversary of the return of the great minister to Paris—an event still looked back to as auspicious to France. On this occasion there were assembled the whole *élite* of the day, fresh from assisting at the Federation on the Champs de Mars. Conducted thither by my tutor, Condorcet, I had no sooner entered the suite of splendid drawing-rooms, than I found myself in the midst of all who were then busied in forming the national history. Count Mirabeau, Monseigneur Perigord (Talleyrand), Gregoire, Bishop of Blois, Alexander Lameth, Adrian Dupont, and several others, were conversing animatedly together. The venerable astronomer, Lalande, Barthelemy, author of the *Travels of Anacharsis*, the illustrious mathematician Lagrange, Marmontel, so well known by his tales, with M. Monge, and the Marquis of Fontvieille (the infamous St. Just), were grouped around Madame de Staël and the Marchioness La-Tour-du-Pin. The Comte Lanjainais, and M. Malesherbes, Camille Jourdan, Barnave, and Target, were in warm conversation with the Duc La Rochefoucault Liancourt. My countryman, the celebrated Alfieri, was reciting some of his poetry to a group of ladies, with the air and gestures of a maniac. At an extremity of the room, towards the garden, was a group apparently in conversation on serious topics, and composed of M. Necker himself, Montmorin, with some other ministers, and the Marquis Lafayette, with some of his staff-officers of the national guard.

The handsome Viscount Montmorency—the favourite of our hostess—the Marquis La-Tour-du-Pin, the Marshall Beauvau, with M. Dupuis, Volney, the dramatist Defaucherets, and the painter David, were admiring an original painting of Raphael, which hung opposite the entrance of the front drawing room, and David was the spokesman of the party.

However, Madame de Staël, dressed as a Greek heroine, and seated on a magnificent ottoman almost in the centre of the room, formed decidedly the principal point of attraction, both as being our hostess, and the acknowledged lioness-in-chief of the Faubourg St. Germain.

With my venerated conductor I joined the party of Necker and Lafayette; but very few minutes had elapsed when the usher announced Madame la Vicomtesse Beauharnais, who, being then separated from her husband, was accompanied by Messieurs Kellerman and Jourdan, and by her beautiful little son Eugene, then about eight years of age. Soon after, the highly-scented and highly-affected Madame de Genlis, with the Duc de Chartres (now king of the French), also Madame Campan, and other ladies and gentlemen of the court and of the Palais Royal, were introduced; and about ten o'clock the party formed not only a fine *coup d'œil*, but a truly extraordinary assembly of remark-

able men and women. The different groups now began to mingle together, to converse loudly and facetiously. Wit and raillery were often made use of by the fair, and hilarity and good humour pervaded the whole society, while a profusion of all sorts of refreshments and delicacies were circulating amongst the guests without interruption. But one thing was rather painfully remarkable, that, with the exception of the American and Swiss diplomatists, none of the foreign ambassadors honoured the party with their presence.

About eleven o'clock, the hum and confusion of the assembly were succeeded by order; the talkative guests resumed their respective seats, and a musical entertainment was commenced by Madame de Staël taking her place at the piano, while Madame de Beauharnais seated herself at the harp, in order to play with our hostess a charming duet of Jommelli. While they were performing their parts with the skill and taste for which they were noted, two rather indifferent-looking guests arrived, who, to avoid disturbing the music, took their seats beside the entrance-door.

The performance being ended, and both ladies having deservedly received the thanks and compliments of all, a rather shabbily-dressed old gentleman, followed by a very plainly-habited little, thin, and pale young man, approached the throne of the queen of the party, while all the company, and especially myself, had their eyes fixed upon them. The old man was then unknown to me, but well known to all the assembly; but the little, thin, and pale young man had never been seen before in any society, and, with the exception of Monge and Lagrange, nobody knew him. The old gentleman, who was the celebrated Abbé Raynal, then the leader of the historico-philosophical school of France, presented to Madame de Staël, as a young protégé of his, *M. Napoleon Bonaparte*. All the lions and lionesses shrugged their shoulders, made a kind of grimace of astonishment at hearing such a plebeian name, and, unimpressed by the little, thin, and pale young gentleman, each resumed his conversation and amusement.

Raynal and Bonaparte remained beside Madame de Staël, and I soon observed that Mesdames Beauharnais, La-Tour-du-Pin, Campan, and the other ladies, not excepting the affected Madame de Genlis, formed a group around them. Condorcet, Alfieri, and myself, joined this party. The abbé spoke of his protégé as a very promising, highly talented, very industrious, and well-read young man, and particularly mentioned his extraordinary attainments in mathematics, military science, and historical knowledge. He then informed Madame de Staël that Bonaparte had left the service in consequence of having been ill-treated by his colonel, but that he wished now to re-obtain a commission, because for the future merit and skill, and not intrigue and favouritism, would be necessary for gaining rank and honour in France.

Josephine Beauharnais, who had been attentively hearing all, and who at the same time had been minutely examining the countenance of Bonaparte, with that grace and unaffected kindness that were so natural to her, said, "M. L'Abbé, I should feel great pleasure, indeed, if M. Bonaparte will allow me to introduce and recommend him to the minister of war, who is one of my most intimate friends." The thin and pale little gentleman very politely accepted the offer: and animated probably by the prospect of a speedy appointment, soon began to show in his conversation that at the top of his little body Providence had placed a head that contained a great and extraordinary mind. In a short time the great lions, moved by curiosity, flocked around to hear what was going on. Mirabeau was one of the curious; and Madame de Staël, as soon as she saw him approaching, said, with a smile, "M. le Comte, come here; we have got a little great man; I will introduce him to you, for I know that you are naturally fond of men of genius." The ceremony having been performed, the pale little gentleman shook hands with the great Count de Mirabeau, who, I must say, did not appear as stooping to him, but conducted himself with all due politeness. Now political chat was introduced; and the future emperor of France took part in the discussions, and often received much praise for his lively remarks. When Mirabeau and the Bishop of Autun began to debate with Madame de Staël on the character and talents of Pitt, then prime minister of England, and the former styled him "a statesman of preparations," and "a minister who governed more by his threats than by his deeds," Bonaparte openly showed his disapprobation of such an opinion. But when the Bishop of Autun praised Fox and Sheridan for having asserted that the French army, by refusing to obey the orders of their superiors and of the executive, had set a glorious example to all the armies of Europe, because by so doing they had shown that men, by becoming soldiers, did not cease to be citizens, Bonaparte said, "Excuse me, monseigneur, if I dare to interrupt you, but as I am an officer, I beg to speak my mind. It is true that I am a very young man, and it may appear presumptuous in me to address an audience composed of so many great men; but as, during the last three years, I have paid the most intense attention to all our political troubles and phases, and as I see with sorrow the present state of our country, I will expose myself to censure rather than pass unaverted principles which are not only unsound, but subversive of all established governments. As much as any of you, I wish to see all abuses, antiquated privileges, and usurped rights and immunities, annulled; nay, as I am at the beginning of my career, and without wealth or powerful friends, it will be my duty and my best policy to support the progress of popular institutions, and to forward improvement in every branch of the public administration. But as in the last twelve months I have witnessed repeated alarming popular disturbances, and seen our best men divided into factions which promise to be irreconcilable, I sincerely believe that now, more than ever, a strict discipline in the army is absolutely necessary for the safety of our constitutional government, and for the maintenance of order. Nay, I apprehend that, if our troops are not compelled strictly to obey the orders of the executive, we shall soon feel the excesses of a democratic torrent, which must render France the most miserable country of the globe. The ministers may be assured, that if, by these and other means, the growing arrogance of the Parisian canaille is not repressed, and social order rigidly maintained, we shall see not only this capital, but every other city in France, thrown into a state of indescribable anarchy, while the real friends of liberty, the enlightened patriots now working for the weal of France, will sink beneath a set of leaders who, with louder outcries for freedom on their tongues, will be in reality only a set of savages, worse than the Nereos of old!"

This speech of the hitherto unknown youth, delivered with an air of authority which seemed natural to the speaker, caused a deep sensation. I remember seeing Lalande, Lacretelle, and Barthélemy, gazing at him with the most profound attention. Necker, St. Priest, and Lafayette, looked at each other with an uneasy air. Mirabeau nodded once or twice significantly to Talleyrand and Gregoire, who appeared sheepish, downcast, and displeased. Alfieri, notwithstanding his aristocratic pride, and his natural dislike for young men's harangues, paid not only attention to the speaker, but seemed delighted; and Condorcet nearly made me cry out by the squeezes which he gave my hand at every sentence uttered by the little, thin, pale young gentleman.

When he concluded, Madame de Staël, with her usual gravity, addressing the Abbé Raynal, warmly thanked him for having introduced to her so precocious and so truly wonderful a politician and statesman; and then turning to her father and his colleagues, she said, "I hope, gentlemen, that you will take a warning from what you have heard." In short, this slender youth, who had come to the party a perfect nonentity, became all of a sudden the prime lion and the object of general remark.

But the individual most affected and most pleased of all was the Abbé Raynal. The countenance of this good old man manifested the rapturous feelings of his mind in witnessing the triumph of his young protégé, who, a few weeks after, through Madame de Beauharnais, obtained a new commission. Raynal lived to hear of the splendid exploits of Bonaparte at the taking of Toulon, to witness his conquest of the Convention in 1795, to hear of his appointment as commander-in-chief of the army of the interior, and also of his being named commander-in-chief of the army in Italy, in February 1796. Had he lived a few days longer, he would probably have assisted at his marriage with Madame the Vicomtesse Josephine de Beauharnais, for the nuptials took place on the 9th of March, and he died on the 6th, 1796.*

A FASHIONABLE GAMING-HOUSE CONFESSIONS OF A CROUPIER.

(The recent attack by the police upon the numerous Gaming-houses at the West End of the Town will give additional interest to the following Narrative from an eye-witness of what he relates. It presents us with an interior of one of the best-frequented and most fashionable of these Temples of dissipation.—EDITOR.)

Man is a gaming animal; Nimrod began to be a "mighty one on the earth" by venturing on the hazards of hunting and war. The revolutions of empires from his day to that of Napoleon, a period of some forty centuries, have been nothing but mighty games of chance, in which the destinies of nations were staked by Kings and Emperors. Less sanguinary, but scarcely less costly temptings of the vicissitudes of fortune, appear to have existed from the remotest antiquity; representations of gambling are frequent among the pictorial records of Egypt, and dice of gigantic size have been found in the sepulchres of Etruria. As civilization has advanced, the die has been improved; its object being to facilitate exchanges, and increase the circulation of the currency, it has been rendered more portable, more capricious, and more convenient. Our modern dice have discarded the coarseness and clumsiness of their Etruscan predecessors; they are of fairest ivory, measured with scrupulous exactness, and duly marked with the royal stamp at Somerset House. Their votaries give them the name of "Lambs," perhaps on the same principle that the notorious Colonel Kirke gave that name to the most sanguinary of his followers; like Kirke's lambs, they are found occasionally to turn "Destructives," and to prove as bitter enemies to their masters, on a change of fortune, as Kirke and his followers did to James II. under similar circumstances. But, in addition to the legitimate combatants on "the board of green cloth," there exists a spurious, predatory race, resembling rather the Indian Thugs than regular soldiers; they are called "Despatches," because, like the Thugs, they make short work with their victims, and despise the tedious courtesies of honourable war. Some of these are unequal, others are loaded, that is, they have one side made heavier than the other, in order to give it preponderance. Nor are these the only aids to marauders; even the boxes are so constructed as to act as fraudulent auxiliaries. These are tremendous odds for a novice to contend against; but, palpable as they seem, they are inferior in power to a still more ruinous agency in the *modus operandi*, which will hereafter be explained. The laws of French Hazard may be found in any common book of games, and its chances have been calculated by the most distinguished mathematicians of modern times. But there is "a vigour beyond the law," which deserves to be chronicled, and there is a sad certainty assigned to the chances, which needs not any demonstration of the calculus. Whatever may be the vicissitudes of fortune, the end of the course is fixed as fate,—the final and unerring result is marked with blighted fame, disappointed hope, ruined prospects, a broken heart, and an early grave!

Few were richer in Nature's best boons than the gifted author of *Lacon*, whose chapel, erected over wine-vaults, might have well typified a mind in which noble sentiment mixed in degrading alliance with the elements of the coarser views. He was the *genius loci* of Frescati's, and the Palais Royal; Fortune frequently smiled upon him, and he might have retired upon a handsome competency, could he have mustered resolution to bid farewell to fatal hazard. But, who can play and be wise! Reverses came upon him in rapid succession at a time when he was weakened by physical suffering; the dreary prospect of approaching winter, with broken fortunes, in a foreign land, proved too much for him; his mind gave way, and his career terminated in suicide!

But, instead of attempting to enumerate the multitudes whom gambling has brought to a premature grave in Paris, I shall rather endeavour to explain what it is "to stand the hazard of the die" in England.

The gaming-house, — Street, some years ago, was kept by three well-known individuals. After passing through two lobbies, you entered the play-room, which formed a *coup d'œil* of no ordinary attraction. It was a large room, richly carpeted. Two rich and massive chandeliers suspended from the ceiling showed the dazzling gilt and colour of the empanelled walls; from which, at alternate distances, extended elegant mirror-branches, with lights. The chimney-piece was furnished with a plate of glass, which reached the ceiling, the sides were concealed by falling drapery of crimson and gold, and supported by two gilt full-length figures bearing lights. At the opposite end were placed two beaufets, furnished with costly plate, glass, &c. In the middle was fixed the hazard-table, of a long, oval form, having an edumbrated lamp hanging over the centre. To the right stood the *rouge et noir* and *roulette* tables, idly placed, "to make up a show." Not so that to the left, for there stood the supper-table. This was laid out with viands worthy the contemplation of an epicure, on whitest damask, in costly china, and in forms delicate and *recherché*. Every thing which might court the most fastidious taste was there spread in luxuriant profusion; game, poultry, ham, tongue, not forgetting the substantial sirloin; lobster-salads, oysters, *en outre les petites*

* It is hardly necessary to remark, that the time and circumstances of the first acquaintance of Napoleon with both Josephine and Madame de Staël are here stated differently from accounts hitherto current. The editors, having made this remark to the writer of the article, were favoured with a note assuring them that the other accounts are undoubtedly wrong, as he feels fully convinced that the true facts are as he here states them from his personal observation.

† It was on observing Colton's cellars under a chapel, that Theodore Hook wrote these lines:—

"There's a spirit above, and a spirit below;
A spirit of joy, and a spirit of woe;
The spirit above is a spirit divine;
But the spirit below is a spirit of—wise."

misères; confectionary and preserves; creams, jellies, and pine-apples. Silver candelabra lighted each end of this long and well-supplied table, while the middle was reserved for the display of one of still greater magnificence, said to have been designed and executed for his Royal Highness the late Duke of —. It was composed of a large figure of Hercules contending with the hydra with seven heads. This gorgeous piece of plate supported seven wax-lights. Iolaus (who assisted Hercules) was also represented bearing the lighted brand where-with to staunch the blood, lest another head should spring from the wound. This is much; but when to this is added.

"Something still which prompts the eternal sigh!"

ONE THOUSAND SOVEREIGNS! a shining golden heap! and TEN THOUSAND POUNDS in notes! the reader may imagine the scene which every evening met the eye. Yes, every evening, into a silver vase, which stood on the hazard-tables, were emptied ten bags, each containing one hundred sovereigns!

On some evenings, there would, perhaps, be no play, and insufferably tedious would have been the hours from eleven till three but for the relief afforded by some tragi-comic incident. The London season was about to open; the first Newmarket spring meeting had just closed, and Tattersall's, consequently, exhibited a slight gathering. The members of Crockford's as yet presented but a meagre attendance; the Opera-bills announced attractive novelties, and the minor theatres promised their many marvels. In fact, the busy, bustling hive of human interests was on the move. The dormant began to stir, the watchful to speculate; the beauty to take her promenade in the yet pale sunshine; the invalid to snatch his walk at the meridian hour; the gambler to devise his means of expense, and the banker-hell-keeper how to frustrate them.

It was one evening, about this period, that a party entered to try the fortune of an hour. The result of the evening's play was against the bank. One of the visitors won five hundred pounds, which, for a whim, he took away in gold. He tied the sovereigns up in a white pocket-handkerchief, threw them over his shoulder, and in that manner walked up St. James's Street. From that night, the same party continued to visit us, and with occasional droppers-in of ex-colonels, majors, captains, &c., we generally made up a table. What! enter again! after having won five hundred pounds! "Oh! infatuated man!" I think I hear the reader exclaim. Yes; for, of all things unfathomable and absorbing, there is nothing so unfathomably deep as the desires of the human heart, when stimulated by the excitement of speculation.

For some weeks the play had been constant, and as the season advanced the company increased, and the money began to return to the bank. Sometimes play began late, perhaps not till after one.

Among our very constant visitors was a gallant captain. He came early, and was good to lose a hundred pounds, and satisfied to win fifty. His entrance was always met by a ready welcome.

"Here comes the gallant captain! How are you, captain?"

"Heartily, thank ye!" he replied. "I say, how was it that my cheque was not paid this morning?"

"Not paid, captain! you are joking, captain!"

"Joking!" replied the captain. "No, I'll be d—d if it is a joke!"

The captain, on the previous evening, having won, had put up his counters, and wished for a fifty-pound note.

"Certainly," said one of the triumvirs, looking into the box. "A fifty did you say, captain? I am sorry to say I have not got a fifty. Make it a hundred, captain. You will soon do it if you put it down a little spier."

"No," rejoined the captain. "I don't want to play any more, for I must leave town early to-morrow morning."

"Well; but what is to be done?" said the manager. Then, calling to his partner, he inquired if he had got a fifty-pound note for Captain —.

"No, I have not; but I will write a cheque for him; that will be all the same."

Away went the captain, as light-hearted as a cricket, to sleep away the few remaining hours that intervened before another day wakes us all to our divers duties. Who has not noticed the punctuality of the bankers' clerks wending their way to their daily toil. Not quite as early as these, yet not much later, did the captain doff his night-gear: then made his appearance at the banker's, nothing doubting. He presents "the bit o' writin'." Two twenties and ten in gold. The clerk puts forward his attenuated fingers, examines it; a pause ensues. How can it be! The date is right, and the autograph genuine; but there is no order to pay it.

"No order to pay it!" echoed the captain, much annoyed.

Between ourselves, the private mark was wanting; which was, perhaps, a pin-hole, or not a pin-hole.

On the evening I have referred to, he received counters for this cheque, and was already deep in the game, when the *chef* made his appearance. The above *ruse* was frequently resorted to.

It is customary to lend money to parties on check or otherwise, if the applicants are considered safe. One of the visitors, who was passionately addicted to play and the turf, having lost his ready money, borrowed three hundred pounds in counters, and, having lost these also, gave a cheque for the amount; but with this condition, that it should not be sent into his banker's in the country for some few days. No sooner, however, was his back turned than an *employé* was instructed to start off very early the following morning, to get the cheque cashed; the date, which was left open, being first clapped in. The cheque was paid; and two or three nights afterwards the young gentleman came for an explanation of the circumstance, and to remonstrate. The poor *employé*, as usual, was made the scape-goat, and was roundly abused for his stupidity in not understanding that he was particularly ordered not to present it till further notice.

It was the practice also to present post-dated cheques which had been refused payment, and even to sue on them. Sometimes, after an evening's play, a gentleman would find himself a winner of a couple of hundred pounds, when all but folding up the notes, and preparing to go, he would find, to his mortification, a small account against him of perhaps seventy or eighty pounds. "Eighty pounds! impossible! There must be some mistake." Expostulation was vain. "It is down in the book. It is perfectly correct, you may rest assured. I pledge you my honour of this."

Sometimes it happened that a gentleman would borrow one hundred pounds, of course, in counters, on a cheque, or a short bill. Perhaps he might win thirty or forty pounds, in which case the one hundred pounds in counters would be taken from him, and his cheque returned, and he would be left to do his best with the small capital remaining to him, with the privilege of renewing the transaction, should he lose it. Counters so borrowed were not allowed to be lent to a friend.

Nevertheless, it may seem not a bad "hedge," technically speaking, to have the opportunity of borrowing hundred after hundred, as some parties would do, till a hand came off. I have known persons to come in without a

penny, and declare the ester in or out ten pounds, and losing the bet, would ask for a hundred pounds, would receive it, and lose it, and receive in the same way to the amount of six or seven hundred pounds, and then would declare that they would not pay one farthing unless accommodated with another hundred. I have known a man of high rank lose to the amount of fourteen hundred pounds on account, which, under the circumstances, his lordship had more sense than to pay. But, for the bold style, I will quote a city wine-merchant. Having lost his cash, he requested a hundred pounds, which he also received. He demanded another! After a few words, and a reference to a friend then at the table, this, too, was given to him, and a cheque for three hundred pounds was received for the advance made. It so happened that the third hundred was lost also. He then peremptorily demanded more, and upon being refused, he requested to see the cheque, disputing the amount, which being handed to him, he immediately tore it to pieces and left the room.

Through the various aspects presented by the game, the alternations of hope and disappointment were often strongly felt and as strongly expressed; curses, both loud and deep, were mingled with the laugh of triumph. Among my many reminiscences of such scenes, I can never forget one unfortunate individual. He had been playing some hours, evidently under unusual excitement. His party had all gradually quitted the place, and he took the box alone; he had it all in his own hands, and in his own way. Not a main could he throw; every time I called the unfortunate result I was the object of his bitterest invective and malediction; but, although I felt annoyed at this conduct, I heartily pitied him. All his efforts were useless; the capricious goddess was inexorable, and he threw out with his last heavy stake, and burst into an agony of tears. He was a tall, good-looking, prepossessing young man, and I may truly say that I never witnessed an occurrence more painful and humiliating. That which but a moment before had been his own, and still lay before him, was gone—as irretrievably lost to him as though it had sunk to the bottom of the fathomless ocean!

It may be thought, that a gentleman who have lost above a thousand pounds in a gaming-house may have the right of *entrée* by prescription. Nothing is more unlike the fact. From the height of his prosperity to its declension, every occultation in his course is noted with the nicest observation; for instance, playing for lower stakes, a more febrile excitement when losing, occasionally borrowing of a friend, a cheque not punctually paid, and, finally, a small sum borrowed of the bank, to enable him to take up a bill under a very pressing emergency. These are the little circumstances which lead to his ultimate exclusion. On some fine evening during the ensuing season he calls, thinking to be admitted as heretofore; but he is stopped at the first door with the ready excuse, that "there is nothing doing." On the next call, he is told that "there is no play going on."

"No play! So you said the last time I called; and I have since understood from a friend that there was play. Let me in; I want to see the manager."

"He is not in, sir."

"Oh, very well, then, I shall take some other opportunity of seeing him."

When he does see the *chef*, the latter expresses most sincere regret at the occurrence, and makes a most specious promise to have the interdiction removed. Thus assured, who now is to oppose his entrance? Not the porter, surely! Yes; the very same person still insists that the great man is not within; that he knows nothing about the explanation given, and therefore cannot admit him. Thus repulsed, the applicant murmurs a threat about not paying, and thus ends the matter.

What is here stated must be understood as applying to commoners; for a peer, however poor, can always be turned to some account. The high-sounding title, oft repeated, is not without its influence on the wealthier plain "Mistress" of the company; and the loan of a few counters will convert him into a bonnet,* without his being aware of the equivocal personification. A peer, yet peerless, was that prime mover of fun and frolic, Lord —, radiant with mirth and mischief, and, like young Phaeton, not to be diverted from his course by the adventitious firing of a puny world! How would he sally forth when from his deep somnolency he would awake! he and his inseparable boon-companion, to pursue their cat-and-pig-shooting diversion, to the great fear and perturbation of old women and children! What a contrast to the noble lord was a certain field-officer, who with maiden modesty would walk in, take his seat, tell out his gold, wait his turn, then methodically make his set, and call the main! For a quiet competitor, who could match with Mr. Placid! With what nonchalance would he throw his hand, and with what almost luxuriant indolence win or lose his money!

"With the year seasons return," and with the seasons thriving blacklegs and broken gamblers. With these latter it was that "our governor" said it was his greatest aversion to meet. To obtain a succession of new victims, it was necessary to resort to every stratagem that ingenuity could devise. Notoriety was *one* means to this end. Going out with the hounds,—a drive in the park,—a box at the theatre,—any mode by which he could project himself to the notice of society,—a newspaper paragraph drawn up by himself, and even hostile,—a caricature,—a stale pun,—an absurd and false report,—any species, in short, of *niaiserie* that suggested itself. Thus, in his usual tone and keeping, it was announced as a novelty to the sporting world that a great hazard match for twenty thousand pounds was to be played in — Street, the challenge having been accepted by a French party! Accordingly, at ten o'clock, an hour earlier than ordinary, after a few arrivals, the parties concerned were ushered in solemn form to the table, each in a cloak, and masked in a black vizard. Old — was umpire. To give an appearance of reality, three sets of new dice were opened, and the main and chance called and kept by the ivory tablets having the indices marked on them, instead of being left to the memory of the croupier, as is the usual custom. Sometimes in the course of play, new dice were called; in which case "the governor" would gather up those in use, and throw them to the other end of the room, for anybody to pick up that might choose to do so. When the evening's play was closed, which was generally in about an hour, depending a little on the influx of company, the dice were thrown away, and the parties again ushered in silent state up stairs to unmask. New dice were opened every evening, and the deepest apparent interest was exhibited, and the fluctuations of the game were duly noticed in the weekly and diurnal papers, to attract fresh simpletons. Scarcely had two or three evenings elapsed before the increase of company proved the success of the scheme. It is true some doubted, some questioned, some tried to peer into the masks, some indicated their thoughts by pointing their sticks over the left shoulder, while others laughed outright at the flagrancy of the humbug; and, although the general sentiment was expressed in the same words that so frequently escaped the lips of the sagacious Mr. Birchall, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," the "fudge" answered, because the visitors who

* Bonnet, a name given to a person who plays as a decoy.

came to scoff remained to play. One of the Frenchmen, who was thought to be "neat as imported," notwithstanding his capacious frill, and a brooch that, for size, might vie with a *rix thaler*, and with rings enough on his fingers to set up a Jew pedlar, was discovered to bear so strong a resemblance to a knowing hand, that he was compelled to resign his character, leaving the remaining actors, and a couple of billiard-players, to finish the piece. Towards the close of the match, ten one-thousand-pound bank-notes were displayed on the table, by way of a *coup d'ail*. This closed the interest of the affair. The French party, I need hardly state, were the losers; and our play resumed its usual course.

The next expedient to draw was the great billiard match, announced to be played as a trial of skill between the gentlemen of the East and the gentlemen of the West, and to be played for a large stake. The players *de facto* were no other than two professional adepts. Some fine play was exhibited. However, the interest very soon subsided, the lookers on being more desirous to play themselves than to be observers of the play of others. Thus the much vaunted match, after two or three weeks, having "dragged its slow length along," expired, nobody hardly knowing when or how, save that the result was that the West-end gentleman, as a matter of course, was the winner.

As in a theatre, when a new actor appears, the whole arrangement of things takes a different turn, so it was with us when Lord —, the facetious lover of mirth and mischief I have before alluded to, came among us. At every interruption of play, sport of all kinds was the order of the day; boxing, single-stick, throwing orange-peel, singing, cocking, &c. Cocking is played in the following manner;—The two birds, or non-feathered bipeds, being seated on the ground, the knees are bent nearly perpendicular, so as to bring the heels under them; the arms are then passed under the thighs; and from between the legs, which are tied together, the hands grasp a stick that passes in front. Thus pinioned, and placed opposite each other, each makes an effort to thrust his toes under those of his opponent, and, by raising them, to throw his adversary right over. In effecting this consist the expertness and the drollery.

It was at length felt desirable to be more exclusive than hitherto; and, to this end, a negotiation was entered into with the proprietor of Covent Garden theatre. Accordingly, a room was fitted up, and a bank was to be put down for the purpose of play, to be accessible only to privileged persons, who were each to have *entrée* by means of a gilt Bramah key, to be given into their own possession. The scheme was abandoned, if I remember, on some public scruple, and the drawing-room of our house was substituted, a lock for the keys being placed on the drawing-room door. In consequence of now playing to patrician members only, who were all asked up stairs, the large room below was soon gradually left, like

"Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all of life departed."

"La destinée du joueur est écrite sur les portes de l'enfer. Fils ingrat! fils déjà parricide, tu seras époux coupable et père dénaturé. Le jeu ouvrira pour toi l'abîme de tous les maux, tes jours seront comptés par tes crimes, et ta vie s'éteindra dans la misère, les larmes, et les remords."—LA VIE D'UN JOUEUR.

The above lines are by no means overcharged; for every evil incident to our common nature will be induced, and will fall with aggravated severity on the victim of the insatiate passion of gaming. I have shown the unavoidable results of this vice; the reader has seen, as from a tower, its downward progress to poverty and crime, and I may add, premature death!

B—, an *employé* in a government office, was a reserved, gentlemanlike man, who never asked a favour, and never dreamed that he would want one. With the first loan his independent spirit sunk, and his downward career received no check. It is unnecessary to follow him to the sad conclusion of life's drama; but let us rather take a general view of those who are excluded when once convicted of the crime of poverty. When the door of the place where he had staked thousands is closed against him, the gambler seeks indulgence for his fatal passion in the lowest hells, the associate of threadbare outcasts, the sharer of spoil with beings whom he detests. His relatives disown him; the tradesman who has long served his family grudgingly lends him a shilling, and boasts of the loan round the neighbourhood; friends fall off, acquaintances cut him; his home reflects nothing but the horrors of conscience, the whisper of affection is his direst reproach, the lisped love of infancy his most bitter agony. But there are still dregs in the cup of adversity, which many gamblers have to swallow more deeply steeped in the heart's poison; the desperate resource of forgery, the felon's bar, the dishonoured name, and the convict's grave. Nor is this the necessary result of cheating; gambling, even on the fairest conditions, is the certain road to infamy and ruin; the bankers themselves, in spite of the odds in their favour, are alike sufferers; and I have heard an authority, which I cannot doubt, that Crockford has been "beaten to tears."

The breaking of a bank is a doleful circumstance for the bankers, and, indeed, for all but the fortunate winner. It is not a little curious to see the long faces which the players assume as they severally drop in, and hear the tidings so fatal to their bright anticipations. On such occasions some go away, and others, forming themselves into a social fireside group, amuse each other, by the various anecdotes afforded by the chances of play. It is told how —, when out on a day rule from the Bench, placed down the rule instead of a note, and won; how his run of luck continued until he was winner of several thousand pounds, with which he obtained his liberation, but only to continue the same mad career, and "return back to the place from whence he came." How another cleverly substituted a five-pound note for fifty. How a third staked three bright farthings, and having won, was paid in sovereigns; and how many clever players had, from a run of ill-luck, been cleaned out by novices. Each envies the fortune of those who had broken the bank; and, in the hope of obtaining similar success, each becomes more desperately confirmed in his ruinous propensities. A few brief months roll by: and of those who assembled round that fireside the fate must be sought in the records of the prison, of banishment, or of the grave!

A LAST CONFESSION OF HARRY LORREQUER.

Kind Friends—I had believed that there was an end of my "Confessions," and that Harry Lorrequer should not again appear before you in guise of penitent, when a few days back my eyes chanced to fall upon a paragraph in a French paper, which at once dispelled this conviction, and made me feel that one more incident of my life remained to be communicated, ere I held my peace of myself for ever.

The passage I allude to runs thus:—At Bruges, on the 22d inst., died the Count O'Mahon, Grand Officer of the legion of honour, General of brigade in France, and Knight of Malta. He was the oldest officer in the French army, having entered the service in the year 1751, when he had not completed his fourteenth year. Had he survived until June, he would have reached the ad-

vanced age of 107. He successively served in the armies of the Regency, Louis the Sixteenth, the Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire, and might, had he so wished, have retained his rank with the Restoration; but with the defeat at Mount St. Jean terminated his services, which for duration and number are unequalled in Europe.

A long catalogue of distinguished services in America, Germany, Holland, Italy, Egypt, Austria, and Russia follows the announcement, among which two exploits are sufficiently singular to merit notice. The capture of three Dutch vessels of war by two infantry battalions, and some field artillery, under the command of Colonel O'Mahon. They were attacked by him when closed up by ice in the Scheldt, and taken, after a most desperate engagement, which lasted six hours. The other, is a mention of his being wounded at Bautzen, where a shell entered the chest of his horse, and exploding, threw him to the height of sixteen feet in the air, the only injury he received being a broken arm. The Emperor, who witnessed the accident, having inquired who the officer was, merely shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Nothing will kill O'Mahon."

In the Irish brigade his name was revered and respected beyond that of any officer who ever commanded it. And although a strenuous supporter of the principles of freedom, and an ardent follower of the revolution, in his address and manner he might have been a courtier of Versailles in its most polished era. He was not more conspicuous for courage and daring, than for the most unassuming and modest demeanour; and it is said more officers of merit owed their promotion to his representations, than to any other man in the French army.

His last appearance at Paris was at the ceremony of the Emperor's funeral, when an old man, wearing the uniform of the Irish brigade, decorated with the St. Louis and the Legion, attracted unusual attention; and on being recognised, was saluted with cheers of enthusiasm, many colonels leaving their ranks to embrace one who had befriended them in years long past.

His remains were laid in the convent of St. John, followed to the grave by a numerous *cortège* of the civil and military authorities of Bruges. He himself had declined the honour of a military funeral, saying, "he had lived long enough, and that if a platoon fire over his grave were to call him back to life, he should only regret it."

Such in substance is the brief paragraph to which I have alluded; and it now only remains for me to state my own connection with it, which was as follows:—

In the year 1829 I was on my way to England, after an absence of some years on the continent, and arrived in Bruges fatigued with a long journey, prosecuted with scarcely an interval of rest from the time of my leaving Belgrade. I was not sorry to find, that, if I should be obliged to halt, I could calculate on the comforts of a Flemish inn, and enjoy, besides, the opportunity of seeing the many curious and interesting objects the ancient city possesses. Added to this, that during my late rambles in the east of Europe I had few occasions to hear any news of England, or know what course events might have taken in our political world. At Bruges I was certain to find newspapers, and perhaps countrymen also; so that, on every score, I was well satisfied with my resting-place.

For the first few days I was content to ramble unguided through the old city, where every step reveals some trait of its former grandeur, when its streets were crowded with the rich merchants of Lombardy and Venice, and when the dark-featured Turk came to trade with the haughty Burgheers, whose pledged word was a bond in every state of Europe. The Spanish features of the place still remain; and the habitudes of the south are preserved by their descendants, who still observe the "siesta;" and in the graceful mantilla, worn partly across the face, you may trace the coquetry of Andalusia.

Towards the close of my week, I visited the hospital of St. John, and devoted a day to the pictures by Memling—those wonderful performances, where expression alone carries the beholder away, and leaves him insensible to all defects of grouping and effect. Never had artist such power in the portraiture of feature. The faces are never forgotten; the eyes rivet their looks on you; the lips seem to mutter the dreadful story of their sorrows; the tremulous cheek, the livid jaw, the sunken orbit, haunt you wherever you go, and the memory of them dies not away.

That strange coffer, called the Chasse de St. Ursula, is of all his works the most finished and the most costly. The different surfaces of this singular relic are ornamented by paintings representing scenes from the legend of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne. This is indeed the triumph of the artist's genius, and is unsurpassed for the peculiar beauty of its colouring and finish.

To enjoy to the utmost the contemplation of this charming production, I drew a chair from one of the window recesses in front of it, and sat down alone and in silence, to feast my eyesight and my fancy. The venerable monk who acted as my guide withdrew, and left me to myself and my musings.

The stillness, unbroken by a sound, and the tempered light streaming through the narrow, barred, deep windows, wrapped me in a reverie so profound, that I never noticed the entrance of a stranger who had come in, and taken a place in front of the altar-piece, and sat with clasped hands in mute admiration before it. A low cough he gave, first directed my attention towards him, and I now perceived that he was an old, apparently a very old man, whose white hair was neatly gathered into a queue behind. His forehead was high and narrow, the temples strongly indented by time, but still showing the pillared formation so indicative of strength and decision of character. The features all bore traces of his having once been handsome; but the look of birth and blood was even more markedly their characteristic. Not even time and the world's changes had erased the stamp of nobility upon his brow, and the deep wrinkles of age only tempered the look of pride his features wore. His dress was a plain blue frock, buttoned in military fashion, and bearing on the breast the mark where a star had once been worn; a faint strip of crimson in a button hole showed that he still carried the decoration of the legion. Trowsers, and shoes, and silk stockings, scrupulously neat and well cared for, completed a costume, which, though simple as possible, yet preserved throughout the air of one accustomed to regard dress as an essential of his position. The most remarkable, indeed the only remarkable thing he wore, was a chapeau shaped in the ancient mode, and looped up with a broad tri-coloured ribbon, a strange emblem, as it seemed to me, of one whose look and bearing had so little in accordance with the practices and the doctrines of which it was the banner. This lay on the floor at his side, as well as a cane with a massive and richly chased head of gold.

It was but a moment before I remarked him, that I was wondering within myself what had become of that great stamp of manhood, that race of handsome looking, but stern fellows one sees on the canvass of Vandyk and Velasquez, where noble birth seems indelibly written on every lineament, and proud thoughts and great aspirations seem throned upon their lofty brows. And now,

as if to answer the rising doubt, there he sat, the very type of that race I was regretting. So thoroughly was he absorbed in his own reflections, that I had ample opportunity to regard him unobserved, and with the waywardness of a temperament that rarely needed as much temptation to invent a story, I was imagining what the career of such a man might have been, when I felt a hand gently laid upon my shoulders. I looked up, and saw the Colonel de Bourqueny, Commandant of Bruges, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction from an old brother officer, and with whom I was that same day to dine "*en tête à tête*."

"You know him, I suppose," said he, in a low tone of voice, as he threw his eyes in the direction of the old gentleman.

"No; but I confess I have the strongest curiosity to do so."

"He is a countryman of yours," replied the colonel; "and one you may well feel proud to know. At least I think the praise is not ill applied to a man whose services, if not directed to the cause of his own country, have yet been such as to raise the estimation of that land in the mind of every one who has ever known him. If the fruit be an indication of the tree, yours must be no common land."

"Who is he, then?"

"Count O'Mahon. With any other name I should add something of his services; but his is too great a story to be garbled. Wait a moment, and I'll try my luck with him, a thought has just struck me."

The Colonel turned away as he spoke, and approaching the old man, saluted him with the deference a young officer pays to one vastly his superior in rank and station. The count arose slowly from his chair, assisting himself with both hands, and when he had acquired the erect position, displayed a figure, which, despite the work of time, was strikingly noble looking. I could not hear what passed between them; but I could see, that while the Colonel appeared to press some point with a degree of earnestness in his manner, the Count O'Mahon declined the entreaty, and seemed desirous to offer excuses.

"You'll not refuse me, my dear count, if I were only to tell you what day this is."

"Indeed! How so?"

"This is the sixteenth of February: twenty-two years ago, from this very day, I won my epaulette in your brigade."

"At Eylau," said the old man, drawing himself proudly up, "I remember it well; you swam the Pregal to carry the orders for the cavalry to ford the river and advance on Deppen. Are you correct? can it be really so far back? How short it seems."

"Alas! sir, the time has been long enough for great changes."

The old man apparently did not hear the observation, but stood as if endeavouring to remember some circumstance of the past. Then muttering in a low broken voice—

"How was it?—it ran thus. Do you remember the *Ordre du Jour*, Colonel—the concluding words I mean? I have it, I have it. "*Audela de la Vistule comme au-delà du Danube, au milieu des frimas de l'hiver, comme au commencement de l'automne; nous serons toujours les soldats Français, et les soldats Français de la grande armée.*"

There was a tone of elation in which he spoke these words, that resounded within my heart like the beating of a drum; and I imagined that the old officer himself assumed, at the instant, the port and bearing of the parade.

"And this, you say, is the day of Eylau?" repeated he in a sadder voice.

"Well, colonel, I must not refuse you. We are to be alone, you say?"

"One guest only, sir," said De Bourqueny; "a young traveller passing through Bruges. May I hope that will not displease you?"

"You seem to forget, my dear Colonel," said the Count, with a smile of ineffable sweetness, "you seem to forget that ninety-two is not the age which fits a man for society and the pleasures of the table. You are good enough to endure an old man's faults of mind and memory, but your friend may not, nor is it so sure, I could pardon him for not doing so. Well, well, it is little likely I shall see another anniversary of that great day—I'll be with you." With these words, the old gentleman bowed courteously, and slowly withdrew, leaving us alone together.

"I knew I was in luck this morning," said the colonel, gaily, "I won every game at billiards—received a dozen pleasant letters by the post—and best of all, have succeeded in getting the Count to meet you at dinner; and now, do not be a moment late—four o'clock to the instant, remember—punctuality is one of the old General's foibles, and we must not trench on it."

Having readily promised to be in good time where I anticipated so much pleasure, I took leave of my new friend, and resumed my wandering through the town.

Determined to be mindful of the colonel's caution, a few minutes before four o'clock I entered his quarters in the "Grande Place," which now was filled with soldiers at the afternoon parade. We were standing at the window, gazing at the scene, and admiring the tableau presented by the troops and the bystanders, whose picturesque costumes so well harmonized with the rich character of the back ground—the grotesque carvings of the old doorways, the pinnacled gables, the massive consoles laboured with tracery, all shone brightly in the setting sun—when, suddenly, the drums beat to quarters, the men stood to arms; and the same instant we perceived the old count approaching from the end of the Place. As he came slowly along in front of the line, the ranks presented arms, and the drums beat the salute; and even at the distance we were, it was plain to see the gratified feeling of the old soldier at this mark of respect and honour.

"It was well thought of," said I, "to receive him in this fashion."

"A mere accident, nevertheless," replied the Colonel; "or rather entirely owing to himself, for he has thought proper to put on his uniform—a thing I'd venture to say, has not occurred for many years before—and see, only look what a uniform it is."

I strained my eyes to catch sight of him once more, and certainly a more striking figure I never beheld. His coat of dark green, lined with white, was long and wide in the skirts, and unornamented save by two large and massive gold epaulettes; a white vest, descending low and with flapped pockets, was opened in front to display a rich jabot of deep Valenciennes lace. He wore breeches of white kerseymere, and silk stockings clocked with gold; and in his shoes there shone two buckles, whose brilliancy left no question of their great value. His cocked hat, trimmed along the border with ostrich feathers, displayed a bouquet of tricoloured ribbon, as did also his sword knot. He wore the cross of St. Louis on his broad ribbon; and the grand declaration of the Legion was attached to his coat.

"It is a uniform I have never seen before," said De Bourqueny, "but unquestionably it becomes him well, and he looks like a courtier of the time of Louis XIV. taking his evening walk on the terrace at Versailles."

The door of the *salon* opened at this moment, and the General Count O'Mahon was announced.

"Your men seemed a little disposed to wonder at my costume, Colonel," said the Count, as he bowed with the finished grace of the old school. "They didn't know, perhaps, that it was strictly in accordance with the regulation."

"It is new to me also, Count; I never saw you wear it."

"No, my dear friend, nor have I for more than forty years; but I bethought me if this were to be, as it may in all likelihood, the last anniversary I shall ever keep, of one of our great and glorious days. I could not better honour the occasion than by a souvenir of my old corps. This is the uniform of the 'Irish Brigade.'"

"Indeed," said the Colonel; then the occasion is most apropos to present a countryman—my friend here."

The old Count's eyes sparkled, and I even thought his cheek showed a heightened colour, as he held out his hand towards me.

"Seventy-six years of absence, sir, have erased every personal recollection, but have not obliterated the love I bear my country. May I take the liberty to shake your hand—it is only thus I can ever salute Ireland."

There was a graceful ease, an elegance indeed, in the air of the old Count, that imparted a charm to the very simplest phrase; and he displayed, to the greatest advantage, the perfection of that courtly bearing of the old time, by divesting it of all its frivolity, and only preserving the suave urbanity which gives all its charm. His slightly stooped figure, his venerable head, the scarcely perceptible tremor of his voice, were all indescribably touching; and I feel ashamed at my own abortive effort to convey any adequate idea of a manner, the most fascinating I ever remember to have met with.

The dinner proceeded as pleasantly as such small parties usually do; and the host exerted himself to establish that feeling of ease between strangers, which ensures the happy flow of conversation, and induces a freedom akin to actual intimacy.

The old Count made many inquiries about the places I had visited in the east of Europe, and asked for many persons, some of whom I had the fortune to meet with, and of whose career he heard with pleasure. In Vienna he was well known, and had passed some of his happiest days; and of these he spoke with ardour and feeling, recounting many anecdotes, which amusingly depicted the varying aspects of the world, at different eras of his life.

De Bourqueny from time to time seemed disposed to give his reminiscences a turn towards the military events of his career; but the Count, either inattentive to his suggestions, or, as I suspected, studious to avoid the topic, scarcely ever adverted to them, and then but briefly.

"And now, sir," said O'Mahon, "that we have discussed Austria and Italy, and have wandered along the Danube almost to the Black Sea, tell me some news of a land far nearer and dearer to us both. What of Ireland?—is she more prosperous, or richer, or happier than I knew her, in times long past?"

"I must also speak from memory, sir—a short interval, indeed, compared to the absence you allude to—but I should say that she is both richer and happier than formerly. The benefits of freedom more widely diffused have engendered a social amelioration also; the condition of the peasantry has improved as the resources of the land have met development; and a state of things, more nearly approximating to that of England, has introduced more confidence in the law, and more obedience to its mandates."

"So far so good—this is a happy change and must lead to great results. But the people, how are they affected towards England?—has this prosperity you speak of, blunted the memory of former wrongs?—do they kiss the hand that smote their sires?"

"Neither their prosperity nor their forgiveness have been so great as you suspect. When I spoke of the first, I did so merely in comparison with what I have heard and read of their former condition, for certainly there is little to warrant the employment of the phrase on other grounds. In no country have I witnessed such poverty as in my own; no where have I seen the suffering which want and misery engender, so great; nor, I will add, have I ever heard of a people who have borne up with a more enduring patience under evils so heart-crushing."

"You are right—quite right; political privileges were doled out so scantily as even to be behind the requirements of the time. The nation, poor, and uneducated, and uninstructed, was, in actual intelligence, in advance of its rulers; and deemed each new concession as a boon too long withheld to demand gratitude in return. It was a conquered country that never confessed defeat; while the conqueror, too proud of his success, and too contemptuous towards his foe, never bestowed a thought upon him, nor thought that the smouldering embers could ever burst into a blaze. The nation should have been incorporated with England heart and soul at once; there was no other course to follow; equal laws and equal rights would have engendered equal loyalty and good faith."

"The guarantees were never equal, Count; the allegiance to Rome—"

"The allegiance to Rome," interrupted he, smiling; "an affair of the priesthood."

"But the Celt never did love the Saxon," said I, inattentive to his former remark, whose spirit I knew too well to dream of contradicting; "and when a few moments since, I spoke of the endurance of the people, I alluded not to political, but social evils. The poverty that met not benevolence to relieve, nor sympathy to soothe it; the want, disease, and wretchedness, were sufferings beneath the eyes of their own countrymen—the sons of the soil, the descendants of their own ancient families—who preferred denouncing the cruelty of England, to making one bold or generous effort to help the poor."

"The landlords of Ireland had a happy destiny when they chanced upon that island," said the count sternly. "In France they would scarce have met so much indulgence."

"No, *parbleu!*" said De Bourqueny, "the 'Communists' are speedy law-makers, and the executive is as active as the legislative body."

"We have our 'Communists' too," said I, "sorry am I to confess it. There are parts of the country where life has not an hour's purchase. These fearful crimes, published throughout Europe, are sources of shame and humiliation to many who would be proud of their country."

"And are those stories we read in newspapers, are they true?" said De Bourqueny.

"Unhappily, they are too true. There is much to say in palliation of resistance to laws, which often seem arbitrary, and are always severe; but nothing can excuse the bloodthirsty spirit that deems murder the recompense of any wrong, real or imaginary."

"There is a point I never could understand," said De Bourqueny, "nor have I ever heard any one attempt to explain. Why are these people, who seem so sanguinary and revengeful at home, abroad, so totally the opposite? What is there in the air of Ireland that converts the gay, dashing fellow, we know him here, into that barbarous monster, who shoots a man as he would a mad dog?"

"Nor will you ever understand it, my dear Colonel," said the Count, "till you know something of Irish character—the strangest human compound that ever was formed—so full of seeming contradictions, and yet so perfectly harmonious."

"Do your novellists instruct one on this head?"

"I fear not much," said I, to whom the question was addressed.

"Say rather not at all," interposed the Count. "Never was there a land which has so little reason to be grateful to its chroniclers—never was a country so defamed by its describers."

"Come, come, Count," said I, "you surely forget one, whose graceful stories of her country have done great and good service to its cause—whose portraiture of character is beautifully true and correct, and who has invested even the quiet monotony of life in the middle classes of society, with the strongest interest, and elicited the traits of a people by touches the most delicate and beautiful."

"The authoress you allude to has done all this, and more. She has never, while depicting her countrymen, descended to any undue flattery of his high qualities, still less detracted from his real merits for the sake of effect. No monsters of crime or virtue have flowed from her pen—content to paint from the life, she presents the portrait without exaggeration of any kind. They who value moving and exciting events, or incidents of highly wrought power, may deem these things tame; but the truthful will live when these wild excrescences of exuberant fancy have withered to decay. I never meant to include her in my censure. What I would condemn is the habit of your writers to seize on certain traits—small and insignificant frequently—and by these endeavour to convey a portrait of the people. The same spirit of conquest that brought the adventurer over to Ireland to burn, and slay, and enact forfeiture of the soil, has made his successor, the Anglo-Hibernian, derive his profit of the people, by exhibiting them in a false and unnatural light. The very same tyranny is as conspicuous in the one case as in the other. The Irishman was the Helot, whose drunken gambols should amuse the pampered appetite of his ruler—his buffoonery was the stock in trade of every farce writer—his blundering wit, the staple of every jest against him. Expressions, which caught their character and feeling from being the transcripts of thought in his own native language, were ridiculed for their absurdity; and the very poetry of his nature made a sarcasm against him.

"How little do they know of Ireland and its people who regard the strong current of native drollery and humour as the basis of the national character. No people of Europe have more strongly marked features of melancholy in their temperament than the Irish. It is the characteristic of their national literature, of their music, of all their traditions; their gestures, their idioms, their usages, all betray this. But it suited well the insolent pride of the conqueror, that they should amuse him at the feast, whom he vanquished in the field. The jest which broke in bitterness from a sorrowing heart, was received as the mirthful offering of one who felt no shame in his degradation. What other impressions have your dramatists or tale writers ever conveyed than this; and even when they have endeavoured to clothe noble sentiments and honourable feelings in the dress of national idiom, what has been the result—has the sneer or the scoff been less? Sir Lucius O'Trigger was intended by Sheridan to represent a man of high and honourable motives—his peculiarities, such as they were, dwelt on to elicit a favourable impression of his frankness and candour; and even his passion for duelling (the most reprehensible trait about him) was painted more as the vice of an age than of a people. Yet, how is he invariably represented, and how would any deviation from such a standard be received by the public? The poltroon Acres, the wretched mixture of insufferable conceit and cowardice, is less the Buffo of the piece than the Irish gentleman. An English standard was set up, to which every thing must conform in morals, in manners, and in taste; every deviation from which was stigmatized as Irish, and being Irish, as vulgar. The native eloquence of her speakers was pronounced bombast—the glowing imaginations and teeming fancies of her orators were a jest and a jibe among her more cold-tempered neighbours; all this one might forgive or forget, but how pardon the wholesale calumny that held a whole people up to scorn—that could find no other features to describe in a nation, than the reckless merriment, which momentary excitement threw uppermost, as the volcano flashes in fitful brilliancy, while the thunders are preparing their work of desolation beneath. Such was ever the nature of that wit, so eminently Irish in character. It was the sardonic spirit of a man wrestling with his ill-fortune, and daring to jest when any other would have grieved in silence. The ready reply, the ever ready repartee had its source in a mind long conversant with its own thoughts, and a fancy soaring 'above every ill victorious.' These were the stores your writers drew upon, when they gave the Irishman to the world as the buffoon of the novel and the drama. In the same way, they could see nothing in the sudden and violent outbreaks of his passion than the fitful vehemence of the savage. They would not wait to consider the man in his trials and temptations, in his ignorance and want—unfriended, unheeded, pained with real, maddened with supposed wrongs; his experience of the world suggesting distrust and oppression, and his traditions all telling of a time when his forefathers were the owners of that soil he now tilled as a serf. They would not stoop to know or think of these things; they were satisfied with the straws that marked the course of the stream, they never cared for the depth of the current that ran beneath.

"But stranger than all this, no novellist has thought of Ireland as a theme for historical story, yet what land has experienced such an eventful history? Where have such elements entered *en scène* so well contrasted, so strongly marked in every feature of difference? The native Prince among his followers, the stranger Baron with his retainers, the Anglo-Irish exaggerating in his person every vice of either; the Celt and the Norman, the Priest and the Laic, the crafty statesman, and the doughty warrior, were all there, amid a chaos of crumbling civilization, and the foundations of a new order of things—scenery, story, costume, strange usages, every thing, in fact, that can contribute to embellish fiction, and make the task of the novellist as instructive as amusing; and yet these stores lie neglected and forgotten, while men tax their ingenuity to frame events, and their imaginations to conceive characters.

"There have been writers of latter years, whose vigorous portraiture of native character, so far as I have read, seem true and faithful; but with them the partizan has often had the mastery above the novellist; and though, perhaps, I might agree with many of the opinions advanced, I never could consent to their introduction in situations to which they were unsuited. I speak of these, of course, with diffidence; indeed, my acquaintance with so much of English literature as bore reference to Ireland, ended with the life of a dear friend and brother officer, who fell at the battle of Champ-Aubert. Poor fellow! he was happy in so much as he never witnessed Fontenoy or Waterloo."

The old Count, whose excitement had sustained him hitherto, and supplied

strength for an effort above his natural forces, now sank back in his chair wearied and exhausted.

"Colonel," said he, after a pause which we felt no inclination to break; "and you, my young countryman, may I ask your pardon for this piece of an old man's garrulity. You yourself are however to blame; you started a topic which for years past has lain entombed in my heart, and is associated, in one respect, with the very happiest hours of my life. I alluded a few moments since to a comrade, the Colonel Derinzy—he was my aid-de-camp for some years; and we amused ourselves, in the dulness of garrison life and fortress duty, by compiling a number of stories. Of some, history, of others, memory and of others again, mere fancy supplied the material. Poor performances they were, but they amused hours that would otherwise have hung heavily on our hands, besides that they formed one last link to the land of our birth. The history of their composition might, perhaps, have more interest than any thing in the fictions themselves. Many a scene was written under circumstances, and in places, sufficiently strange and remote to excite curiosity and astonishment: some on the eve of a battle—some at the outposts, when a threatened attack could not damp our ardour respecting a favourite character. One whole tale was written during the Siege of Dantzic—another was finished beneath the walls of the Kremlin. I do not know whether these circumstances gave any colouring to the stories in their course; I should perhaps say not; at least, we felt at the time of writing as though we were still in the Green Isle, and treading the very hills and valleys we were describing."

"And what became of them, Count—they were not lost I hope?"

"No: the haversack that once held them in my baggage-train contains them still. I looked over them a few days since, but the ink has faded and my eyesight too, and so I could not decypher the lines as I wished. The companion of my labours, however, is gone, and I confess, old as I am, the sight of them made my heart heavy the whole day after."

I have now, my dear reader, presented you with a substance of a conversation which if unhappily too prolix, my only apology is the interest I felt in it at the time. A word more, and I have done. The pleasure I felt in the old count's society, inclined me to delay my departure for above a week, during which I spent several hours of each day with him. The last evening of my stay, when I went to take my leave of him, he presented me with the haversack containing his MSS. as a souvenir of his regard.

"At my age," said he smiling, "one cannot afford long time to form a friendship. Short as our intimacy has been, I have seen enough to like in you. These old papers will amuse some leisure hours at one day or other; and if ever you deem them worthy to see the light, I have only to bargain, that it shall not be, until my eyes are closed to it for ever."

Such is my last Confession, and such the source of a series of stories, the first of which I purpose presenting to you in the ensuing number of this Magazine, when I shall ask your indulgence for

THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN, A TALE OF 1760.

The first part is entirely in Derinzy's writing, the latter chapters bear the impress of O'Mahon's.

One word more. It is a somewhat common practice in our day—and one from whose sin I cannot altogether exonerate myself—for writers to be the sole authors of works of which they announce themselves the editors. Such I beg distinctly and explicitly to state, is not the case here; and it is only because the picture is not yet before the world, that I have need to assure them that my weak and trembling hand could never have produced the broad lights and shadows of Irish life which these fictions exhibit; and with this assurance I desire to write myself gratefully yours,

HARRY LORREQUER.

Templeogue, May 25, 1844.

ESCAPE OF LAVALETTE.

From "The Three Kingdoms," by the Viscount D'Arlincourt.

While in Dublin, the Viscount d'Arlincourt dined at Palmerston House, the residence of Lord Donoughmore, formerly Colonel Hutchinson, who at the restoration of the Bourbons, assisted, in company with Sir Robert Wilson, in the celebrated escape of General Lavalette; concerning which, the guest heard the particulars from his lordship's own lips. It will be remembered that Lavalette, cast into prison and condemned to be guillotined, escaped by exchanging clothes with his wife, who came to visit him for that purpose. He remained concealed in Paris twelve days, but at the end of that time went to the lodgings of Colonel Hutchinson, who, with Sir Robert Wilson, had agreed to aid his flight into England, and had previously provided relays of horses to the frontiers of France. Some parts of the following narrative are, so far as we know, quite new:—"All was ready; the flight was to have commenced at daybreak. Lavalette did not lie down, but Hutchinson reposed near him on a settee. Suddenly, about midnight, several violent blows of a hammer were heard from the outer door; the general rose, and cried, 'All is lost; they have come to arrest me!' Then, recovering his firmness, he drew forth his pistols, cocked them, and exclaimed with the greatest coolness, 'Colonel, I will not die on the scaffold!' It was, however, nothing but a false alarm. The noise had been made by a drunken man, and no harm came of it. At dawn he put on the costume of an English general; but unhappily, he had a long beard, which the English never wear. Moreover, he was unable to shave himself; and as it would have been imprudent to have sent for a barber, Hutchinson undertook the office, and took off his beard. An uncovered cabriolet waited at the door; Lavalette mounted with Capt. Wilson; while the colonel, dressed as an aide-de-camp, galloped in front to the barrier of Clichy. There he boldly cried to the guard, 'An English general officer! present arms!' The soldiers instantly formed in line, and military honours were paid to a fugitive on whose head a price was set.

"At the gates of a town further on, Hutchinson encountered an officer of gens-d'armes and his escort, who were in search of Lavalette. He gave his friend up for lost; but went straight to the gendarme, and called to him. 'Comrade,' he said, 'I precede an English general, who will be here to change horses presently; but I am exhausted with hunger and fatigue; would you show me where I can get breakfast?'

"Most willingly," replied the officer; and he conducted Hutchinson to a neighbouring restaurant.

"I should," said the colonel, take it as a favour if you would breakfast with me without ceremony. There are but two great nations in the world—France and England; they have long been enemies, but henceforward they will be friends. Let us shake hands—the peace is concluded; and he cordially held out his hand. The French officer, charmed with his courteous manners, accepted it, and sat down at the table.

"Between ourselves," remarked Hutchinson, "your emperor is a g

man." The colonel had felt his way, and knew the effect these words would produce.

"Ay, that he is!" cried the gendarme in a transport. "How glorious! yet how unfortunate."

"To the health of Napoleon," exclaimed the Englishman, presenting his glass. The French officer rose—tears stood in his eyes while he drank. During this time Lavalette changed horses, and passed on without danger. Hutchinson and his new friend embraced and separated.

"The weather was dark and rainy, so that the telegraphs of the day were illegible; and the fugitive and his liberators arrived at Compeigne. Against the inn where they changed horses they saw a placard which contained a description of the fugitive. "My lord, behold that advertisement," cried the pretended aid-de-camp to the false officer, "you perceive they have not caught that vagrant Lavalette; where the deuce has he hidden himself, the rascal!"

"A little while after, Lavalette got clear.

Hutchinson returned to Paris, and as he entered the Rue St. Helder, he bought of a street ballad-monger an account of "the execution of Lavalette's effigy." The rest is well known; he was arrested, imprisoned, tried before the court of assize, and confronted with the officer of gens-d'armes whom he had so successfully deceived. He was defended by Dupin; but the result was an imprisonment of eight months and 20,000 francs of expense; still, these days of peril and agitation are counted by Lord Donoughmore amongst his most pleasing reminiscences."

LINES

SUGGESTED BY HEARING A FRIEND SAY, "I HAVE NOT LONG TO LIVE."

It is too true! Thou can'st not stay,
Thou art too pure to bless our way:
Too angel-like in soul and face,
For this to be thy dwelling-place!
But still to heaven we pour our prayer,
And hope for deep compassion there;—
Take not from us, oh God! such worth,
But leave this Beautiful to earth!

A smile, like moonlight on the skies,
Is beaming from those seraph eyes:
Thy restless hand life's trembling lyre
Would sweep, but lo! the notes expire;
And changing cheek, and kindling eye,
Proclaim that thou must early die.
Still, still, to Heaven we kneel and pray
Take not this Beautiful away!

Look round! Creation meets thine eye,
And beauty blooms on earth and sky;
Afar or near,—above, below,
The mercies of our Father flow!
Then can'st thou leave a scene so bright,
To slumber in eternal night?
Kind heaven! the good and lovely spare,
Take not the child of hope and prayer.

Thy gentle sister soft doth sleep
Where flowers their fragrant vigils keep;
A brother, noble in his pride,
Is lying near that sister's side;
And now, on thee the thunders fall,
The purest and the best of all!
And Death's strong arm is lifted up,
To dash to earth Life's sparkling cup.

A little while—and thou art laid
Within the church-yard's gloomy shade;
A little while—thine angel voice
Will cease to bid our hearts rejoice!
For tho' thou'rt gay and happy now,
Disease is written on thy brow;
None can avert the threat'ning doom,
That marks thee for an early tomb.

That lightning eye, that hectic cheek,
Alas! too true our sorrow speak;
The storm that laid thy kindred low,
Hath still for thee its surest blow—
Which glooming now, will soon descend
To rob us of our cherished friend,
And fiery bolts around thee cast,
The best beloved, and the last!

Then go! but first, oh! kneel and pray,
That God, who takes thy life away—
May fit thee for a holier sphere,
Than that which thou didst gladden here.
And we, our precious one resign:
Detach our clinging hearts from thine:
An angel loose from our abode,
To meet with its ascended Lord!

C. S.

June 17, 1844.

THREE DAYS IN TIPPERARY.

I lose no time, my dear James, in letting you know the result of the business on which you employed me. I know how anxious you are to hear whether I have been the object of any outrage in consequence of my somewhat unpopular mission. I am glad to say that I am now safely at home, though not without adventure, as you will see by what I am about to relate.

My poor wife was very uneasy when she heard that business obliged me to go to Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary. I did not much like the thoughts of a visit to that disturbed part of Ireland myself, but business could not be neglected; so I made all the necessary preparations for my journey. My wife—my poor Fanny—could scarcely sleep for some nights previous to it; and when she did, she was harassed by terrific dreams. A few nights before I left her, I too was disturbed in my sleep with a horrible dream, out of which I awakened with a shock, my heart beating violently, and my nerves quite agitated. My wife, who had had her uncomfortable visions too, was roused from

them by hearing a loud groan from me. These were not favorable omens, though I tried to laugh at them; but I saw they made a deep impression on my wife. The morning came for my departure; I despatched an early breakfast, and then equipped myself for traveling. As I embraced Fanny, she whispered, "take care of yourself, and do not venture out after night-fall while you are away."

My fellow-travellers amused me with strange stories of their hair-breadth escapes during the late elections in the county to which we were going, of desperate agrarian outrages and fierce attacks upon different individuals residing there; in short, their discourse was not calculated to do away with the ideas I had formed of the lawless state of society in that quarter. Having thus supped full of horrors, I found myself at the door of the inn at Nenagh, where I parted from my companions. I gave my carpet-bag and valise to the waiter, who stood at the coach door, and then stepped out to follow him. A crowd of squalid beggars, vehement in their complaints, and clamorous in their demands, were drawn up to impede my progress. However, dropping half-pence here and there, an active scramble ensued, of which I availed myself, and pursued my way. Just as I was entering the door, I felt my skirts pulled, and I turned round, expecting to see one of the beggars returning to be charged. The blaze of the gas-light fell upon the face and figure of a man who was evidently not of them. He was equipped in a light-colored frock-coat, closely buttoned up, except in one point, into which his hand was suddenly thrust, as if to guard some treasure or to grasp some weapon. His hat was slouched over his face, but still did not altogether conceal his features, which were anything but prepossessing, and the expression they bore was still more unpleasant. A look of wild ferocity, mingled with a cunning inquisitiveness, struck me even in this cursory view. I shook my skirt, to be sure that he was not still clinging to it, and soon found myself in a snug little apartment, where a waiter, bustling with alacrity, and overflowing with benevolence, busied himself to make me comfortable. "What would I have?" Anything the world contained seemed to be within my choice. Whatever fare I demanded should be produced. I might have wavered between a bird's-nest from China and a buffalo's hump from Africa, till I had weighed in my mind the respective merits of each, but, in compliment to the green fields of Erin, I asked for something of home manufacture, which soon appeared in the shape of a bottle of port, indebted, I am sure, for its fine color and flavor, to the blackberry hedges in the neighborhood. A venerable fowl, which I concluded must have been grandfather or great-grandfather to the chickens mentioned in the bill of fare, put my teeth and my powers of digestion on hard duty. I made a pathetic appeal to John's humane feelings on the subject. He assured me I should be better taken care of the next day. He said a few words certainly in commendation of the viands which had been laid before me, but admitted that they had been far surpassed by the endless variety of dainties which had been swept away by some hungry but most fortunate travellers, whose lucky stars had guided them to the house of entertainment before I arrived. He made fair promises for the time to come, and then showed me to an exceedingly comfortable bed-room, where I enjoyed a profound sleep till nine o'clock the next morning.

When I rose, I found that my trusty waiter had been as good as his word in the excellent breakfast which he had provided for me. That meal being speedily despatched, I set out to execute some of my business. I had scarcely walked twenty paces from the inn, when I felt a hand passed hastily but gently over my back. I was somewhat startled, and turned round, when I again beheld the man who had held me by the skirts as I entered the inn. His hand was now, as on the preceding evening, suddenly thrust into his bosom. The advantage of broad daylight gave me an opportunity of examining his face and features more closely, and certainly the clearer scrutiny did not leave a more favourable impression. Straight black hair lay upon his low narrow forehead; he had a most terrific squint, and a mouth pursed up so artificially, as to impress one immediately with the idea of duplicity. I quickened my pace, and in a few minutes looked back to see if he were gone; but there he was, close at my heels. He coloured slightly on seeing that I observed him, and squinted another way with all his might and main. I walked on, I still heard his stealthy step behind me, and thought I felt the motion of his hand again near my back. I stopped, in hopes that he would pass me; but he stopped too. I then walked on in double-quick time; he instantly quickened his speed, so as to keep close to me. I hurried on till I came to Mr. Loftus's house. As some of my business was with him, I went up the steps and knocked at the door. The man stopped, and drew from his pocket a small manuscript book, and leant his back against the rails, pretending to be absorbed in its contents. As Mr. Loftus and I had to go over some complicated accounts, I was delayed with him for nearly two hours. When I came out, the first object I saw was this hateful man, exactly in the same posture in which I had left him, and his book still open before him. The moment he saw me he fastened it in its clasp, and gave a chuckle and a smile, if I may call the detestable exulting motion of his lips by such a name. He continued to follow me wherever I went. I had to go about two miles out of the town, still my tormentor was behind me. I went to Sir William Maitland's gate, my tormentor was still at my heels. I entered the avenue, and closed the gate after me, and still saw this incomprehensible being standing watching me. I hurried up to the house, and as my interview with Sir William was a long one, I hoped to find him gone on my return. Sir William's polite offer of his carriage to leave me in the town I accepted. I am not ashamed to confess that I did so, principally that I might escape from the man who was evidently dogging me wherever I went. I mentioned the circumstance to Sir William, and he advised me to be very much on my guard: for were it known that my business was in any way connected with the arrangements about land, there would in all probability be a hostile feeling against me, and he thought it not unlikely that, if not actually known, this might be suspected, and would account for the watch which it was plain was kept over me. As I passed through the gate in Sir William's chariot, I saw the ill-favoured wretch gaping at me. He gave a kind of half-smothered groan, and then had the audacity to pull off his hat in token of salutation. I cast what I intended should be a withering look on him, and took no notice of his pretended civility. He bounded over a hedge which separated the road from the fields, and I lost sight of him. I breathed more freely; and as I had desired the coachman to drive fast, I soon arrived at the inn. I looked out of the carriage-window, and the first object I saw was my tormentor. He was leaning against the rails, as if he had never moved all day. I felt provoked and irritated, and hastily brushed by him into the house. At six o'clock I again went out, as I had promised to dine with Mr. Loftus, and there I found him still leaning on the rail in waiting for me. It was certainly unpleasant, very unpleasant, to have him close to me in the broad daylight; but it seemed absolutely dangerous to be thus pursued by him in the dark. So, shaking my hand at him, I said, "If you dare to follow me any longer, I will surely make you re-

pent of it.' I then went forward as fast as I could walk to Mr. Loftus's. I heard the fellow mutter, 'I must take my measures;' words full of disastrous mystery. I felt my blood run cold, and my heart sink within me, as I thought how nearly impossible it was to escape the blow of the assassin, if once a victim was marked out. I heard a step after me the whole time I was walking through the streets—now quickened, and now slackened according to my own pace; it was not light enough to see the person plainly, but I knew too well who it was. On my return at night, I heard the same tread close upon my steps, and every moment expected to be within the murderer's grasp. There was something in the whole appearance of this being that filled me with disgust and apprehension. I thought I had seen him before, and yet it was strange that I could not remember distinctly where or when, his singular ugliness being likely to impress it on the memory. At last a vague and uneasy impression upon my mind that I had seen him, or what strongly resembled him, in the frightful dream which I had previously to my journey; and in my nervousness, or weakness, if you will have it, I felt like a doomed man.

After I went to bed, I lay awake for a considerable time thinking of my perilous situation, and wishing to be again safely with my dear Fanny. I had left a lamp burning in my room for greater security, and had seen that there was a bell at the head of my bed, so that I did not fear any midnight attack. I at last fell asleep, and do not exactly know how long I was in that state, when I half wakened with a feeling of great uneasiness. I thought a heavy hand was laid upon my breast, and that I felt the cold breath of some person leaning over me. I roused myself, and with a start raised myself in the bed, when I beheld to my horror and dismay the being that I most dreaded. I uttered a loud exclamation, and rang the bell violently; but I was in total darkness, the light having been suddenly extinguished. In a few moments two or three waiters, some have dozen of chambermaids, and my host, were by my bedside. I told my story in great agitation. I perceived it made no impression—no one had been met in the passages—nothing in the room looked disturbed—the lamp appeared to have gone out of itself—the house had been shut up long before. The landlord tried to persuade me that I had been dreaming, or that I was subject to the nightmare. I stoutly denied both charges; but at last I became pretty sure that my audience had come to the charitable conclusion that I must have gone to bed tipsy, and mistaken my own wild ravings for realities. Instead of meeting any sympathy the next morning for the shock I had received, I perceived the maids vainly endeavouring to suppress their tittering; the waiters looking confused, as if they thought I would be ashamed to look them in the face; the landlord appearing in all the solemnity and displeasure of dignified silence. At length his feelings found audible vent, when he invoked all the saints in heaven to bear witness to the correct character of his house, on which he declared gentle or simple had never cast a slur before. He vehemently protested that I would be the ruin of himself and his helpless little family if I spread bad reports of it. When I suggested the expediency of taking up my quarters elsewhere, he said I wanted to destroy an honest hard working man entirely. After the work that had been made the night before, what would be said if I left the house, but that it was infested by ghosts and robbers!—that it had always been the resort of the first quality. Sure it wasn't in the nature of a gentleman to send him and his poor little children to beggary. I was conquered, and had to remain, being actually confounded and ashamed to persist in a story which I had no means of substantiating. That it had been no dream, no nightmare, I knew too well. I had felt the breath and heavy hand of the person; I had almost touched his face as I jumped up in my bed. You, who know my temperate habits so well, will believe me that I committed no excess at the hospitable table of Mr. Loftus; and there was no reason to suppose that my senses were in such a state as to deceive me.

I determined to devote the rest of this day to my accounts and letters, to be sent off to the metropolis early the next morning. I did not stir out till my letters were ready for the post-office, when I went to put them in myself. I had scarcely gone more than fifty paces from the inn, when I heard some person running in breathless haste up the lane which I was just passing. He was instantly at my side. I felt a sickness come over me as I again beheld the detestable wretch, and felt him almost touch me, as he slid close behind me. He kept in my track as near as he could without jostling against me. He looked on as I dropped my letters into the receiver; he almost trod upon my heels as I returned to the inn. He, however, made a sudden dart down the lane from which he had issued; I turned my eyes there. It was fitted for the haunt of such a one as he who now passed along, its straggling houses were dismal, squalid, and dilapidated; and it appeared to me to be the very receptacle for robbers and assassins.

The evening was closing in, and I went over to the window of the room in which I was to dine, to see how the weather promised. I again saw my hateful tormentor, by the fading light, stationed under my window. I sat down to my solitary meal heavy and dispirited. When the waiter had removed the cloth, I drew the easy-chair to the fire, whose blaze was the only light in the room. I threw myself back on the soft cushions, and tried to doze. The waiter entered, and told me there was a man below who wished to speak to me. I concluded it was a confidential person from Mr. Loftus, who had asked me to take charge of a valuable parcel to Dublin. I desired him to send him in, and bid him shut the door, for I thought it best that no one should see the packet. The stranger entered, and advanced towards me timidly and stealthily. He was close—the full glare of the fire fell upon his countenance—it was the fatal tormentor! I uttered a groan of horror, and prepared to put myself in a posture of defence. I expected to see a pistol or a dagger drawn forth to despatch me at once.

"Avant!" I exclaimed. "Tell me who and what you are, and why you thus persecute me?"

"I am," replied he in a subdued and hesitating tone, "a master tailor. I have followed you, sir, for these three days, in hopes of being able to take the pattern of the zephyr you wear out walking; but I could not do as I might wish; if I could, I would not have been so bold as to intrude upon you. I never seen so nice a cut; and if you'd allow me, sir, to look at it in my hand, and measure it, you would put some pounds in the way of an industrious tradesman."

The mystery was solved at once; my fears were dissipated; and I could not but laugh heartily, as I am sure you will do, at the termination of my adventure. The fellow's trade was certainly cutting and slashing, but I was quite satisfied, as it was not to be exercised upon my person. I must not omit telling you that a friend of his, in the person of one of the waiters, had admitted him to my bed-room the night before, and he was just going to investigate the zephyr, which hung on the back of a chair by my bedside, when I awoke in such alarm.

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

A FORTUNE ACQUIRED BY DRESSING SALAD.

In passing through Cologne, I met a Breton gentleman, who made a good thing of it by becoming a *traiteur*. I might multiply examples of this kind to an indefinite extent; but I prefer relating, as more singular, the history of a Frenchman who acquired a fortune in London by his cleverness in making a salad. He was a Limousin, and, if my memory serves me rightly, called himself D'Aubignac or D'Albignac. Though his means were very small; subsequent to his emigration, he happened to dine, one day, at one of the most famous taverns of London. Whilst he was in the act of finishing a slice of juicy roast beef, five or six young men, of the first families, were regaling themselves at a neighbouring table. One among them stood up, and, addressing the Frenchman in a polite tone, said, "Sir, it is a general opinion that your nation excels in the art of making a salad, would you have the goodness to favor us by mixing one for us?" D'Albignac, after some hesitation, consented, asked for the necessary materials, and, having taken pains to mix a perfect salad, had the good fortune to succeed. While the salad was in process of mixing, he candidly answered all questions addressed to him on his situation and prospects, stated he was an emigrant, and confessed, not without a slight blush, that he received pecuniary aid from the British government. It was this avowal, doubtless, which induced one of the young men to slip into his hand a five-pound note, which, after a slight resistance, he accepted. He gave the young men his address, and, some time afterwards, was not a little surprised to receive a letter, in which he was asked, in the politest terms, to come and dress a salad in one of the best houses in Grosvenor Square. D'Albignac, who began to have a distant glimmering of durable advantage, did not hesitate an instant, and arrived punctually, fortified with some new ingredients destined to add new relish to his mixture. He had the good fortune to succeed a second time, and received, on this occasion, such a sum as he could not have refused without injuring himself in more ways than one. This second success made more noise than the first, so that the reputation of the emigrant quickly extended. He soon became known as the fashionable salad maker; and, in a country so much led by fashion, all that was elegant in the capital of the three kingdoms would have a salad made by him. D'Albignac, like a man of sense, profited by his popularity. He soon sported a vehicle in order the more readily to transport him from place to place, together with a livery servant, carrying in a mahogany case every thing necessary, such as differently perfumed vinegars, oils with or without the taste of fruit, soy, caviar, truffles, anchovies, ketchup gravy, and some yolks of eggs. Subsequently, he caused similar cases to be manufactured, which he furnished and sold by hundreds. By degrees the salad dresser realized a fortune of 80,000*fr.* with which he ultimately returned to France.

Classiques de la Table.

THE VALLEY OF MEXICO.

Conceive yourself placed on a mountain, nearly two thousand feet above the valley, and nine thousand above the level of the sea. A sky above you of the most perfect azure, without a cloud, and an atmosphere so transparently pure, that the remotest objects at the distance of many leagues are as distinctly visible as if at hand. The gigantic scale of every thing first strikes you—you seem to be looking down upon a world. No other mountain and valley view has such an assemblage of features, because no where else are the mountains at the same time so high, the valley so wide, or filled with such variety of land and water. The plain beneath is exceedingly level, and for two hundred miles around it extends a barrier of stupendous mountains, most of which have been active volcanos, and are now covered, some with snow, and some with forests. It is laced with large bodies of water looking more like seas than lakes—it is dotted with innumerable villages, and estates, and plantations; eminences rise from it which, elsewhere, would be called mountains, yet there, at your feet, they seem but ant-hills on the plain; and now, letting your eye follow the rise of the mountains to the west (near fifty miles distant), you look over the immediate summits that wall the valley, to another and more distant range—and to range beyond range, with valleys between each, until the whole melts into a vapoury distance, blue as the cloudless sky above you. I could have gazed for hours at this little world, while the sun and passing vapour chequered the fields, and sailing off again, left the whole one bright mass of verdure and water—bringing out clearly the domes of the village churches studding the plain or leaning against the first slopes of the mountains, with the huge lakes looming larger in the rarefied atmosphere. Yet one thing was wanting. Over the immense expanse there seemed scarce an evidence of life. There was no figures in the picture. It lay torpid in the sunlight, like some deserted region where nature was again beginning to assert her empire—vast, solitary and melancholy. There were no sails—no steamers on the lakes, no smoke over the villages, no people at labour in the fields, no horsemen, coaches, or travellers, but ourselves. The silence was almost supernatural; one expects to hear the echo of the national strife that filled these plains with discord yet lingering among the hills. It was a picture of "still life" inanimate in every feature, save where, on the distant mountain sides, the fire of some poor coal-burner, mingled its blue wreath with the bluer sky, or the tinkle of the bell of a solitary muleteer was heard from among the dark and solemn pines.

EVILS OF A LARGE FORTUNE.—"I don't know whether you will be happier with a large fortune?" said Lord Eskdale. It's a troublesome thing; nobody is satisfied with what you do with it; very often not yourself. To maintain an equable expenditure—not to spend too much on one thing, too little on another—is an art. There must be a harmony, a keeping in disbursement, which very few men have. Great wealth wearies. The thing to have is about ten thousand a-year, and the world to think you have only five. There's some enjoyment, then; one is let alone. But the instant you have a large fortune, duties commence. And then impudent fellows borrow your money, and if you ask them for it again, they go about town saying, you are a screw."

Coningsby, or the New Generation.

LONDON AND THE THAMES.—King James was displeased with the city, because she would not lend him such a sum of money; and, the lord mayor and the aldermen attending him one day, being somewhat transported, he said that he would remove his own court, with all the records of the Tower, and the courts of Westminster Hall, to another place, with further expressions of his indignation. The lord mayor calmly heard all, and at last answered, "Your majesty hath power to do what you please, and your city of London will obey accordingly; but she humbly desires that when your majesty shall remove your courts, you would please to leave the Thames behind you."

THE OLD BEAU BIT.—You deserve that I should serve you as Mrs. Bracegirdle, the rest actress, treated the old Lord Burlington, with whom he was in love in vain. One day he sent her a present of some fine old china. She told the servant he had made a mistake; that it was true the letter was for her, but the china for his lady, to whom he must carry it. L—! the countess was so full of gratitude w— she ~~was~~ came home to dinner.

Miscellaneous Articles.

COPPER BALLOON.

An experiment is about to be made in Paris on air balloons, which is exciting the curiosity of the scientific world to an extraordinary degree. A balloon composed of sheet copper, the 200th part of an inch in thickness, is so far completed, that it is now exhibited to the public, and is expected to be ready for ascent in the course of the present summer. The constructor is M. Marey Monge, who has undertaken the work for the purpose of testing the practicability of aerial navigation, and of rendering balloons subservient to the study of electrical and magnetic phenomena. The idea of a metal balloon originated with Lans in 1760; and in 1784 a metallic globe was constructed, but without success, by Guyton de Morveau, the grandfather of M. Monge. In the present balloon, the sheets of copper, united by bands like the ribs of a melon, have been soldered by Dr. Richemont's *autogenous* process; that is, the edges of the sheets have been fused together, without any soldering substance, by means of the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe. Upwards of 1500 square yards of copper have been used in the construction of this globe, which is about 30 feet in diameter, weighs 800 lbs., and is estimated to contain 100 lbs. of hydrogen gas. It is stated in the *Journal Universel* that M. Dupuis Delcourt, the celebrated French aeronaut, will shortly make an ascent in this balloon. The main object proposed by its constructor is the power of traversing the air by a system which he has developed in a memoir submitted to the French Academy. One of the advantages gained by the substitution of copper for silk, or other fibrous material, is, that the metal will prevent the escape of gas, so that the aeronaut may remain a long time in the air, and thus be enabled to study the constant atmospheric currents. It is likewise proposed to employ this balloon in deciding whether it is possible to prevent hail which is due to the electricity of concurrent clouds. As the balloon may be kept suspended a long time in the atmosphere, it is proposed to connect it with the earth by a metal wire, so as to conduct the electricity from the clouds; by these means it is supposed that the formation of hail, which is so destructive to the crops of the farmer and gardener, may be precluded. The idea of rendering balloons waddlers off of hail, or *paragrêles*, is highly ingenious, and most people will be glad to witness its realization. It is questioned, however, whether M. Monge's machine will possess any practical advantage over those which have been constructed of well varnished silk by Mr. Green, our own veteran aeronaut.

WALKER'S CHESS STUDIES.

Chess Studies: comprising One Thousand Games, actually played during the last Half Century.—By GEORGE WALKER. Longman & Co.

Mr. Walker's boast that this collection of specimens of chess skill is *unique*, and that it will form a complete encyclopedia of reference to the student and player of chess, is quite just and well-founded. It contains upwards of a thousand games, almost all of them the classical exploits of the best chess-warriors of the age.

And, since any record of games was kept, what age in the annals of chess-warfare has surpassed our own—either in attack or defence, in "desperate assault or siege and mine," in "brilliance of imagination, thirst for invention, judgment of position," or *eminent view of the board*? Let Mr. Walker answer:—

"Should the bygone century taunt us with Philidor, Bernard, or Legalle, we reply with De la Bourdonnais, Des Chapelles, and M'Donnell:—bearded by Boncourt, and Sarratt; by Lolli, Del Rio, and Ponziani,—we proudly oppose to them the names of Cochrane, of St. Amant, of Staunton, of Der Lasa, of Szen, and Kieseritzkij. Moreover, with a Chess Museum before us like the present, we can equally adjust the claims to renown presented by the great living players of all the countries of Europe, opposed on the Chess-field in arms to each other. Petroff and Janisch in the frozen north—St. Amant, Calvi, La Roche, and Kieseritzkij in their sunny France—Heydebrand Der Lasa, Szen, Lowenthal, and Bledow of Germany—Perigal, Staunton, and Daniels in London town—all pass severally in array before us, like soldiers on parade, or beauties at a court drawing-room."

This is the proper tone of enthusiasm, and Mr. Walker is one of the few English players living who has the right to use it. He places Mr. Staunton at the head of that select few, and is probably right. But there are not many men, in his position, that would have offered the first rank so freely.

With what a pleasant ardour he also speaks of Mr. Cochrane. This royal and venerable war of chess is certainly the most humanizing of the military sciences.

"Of Mr. Cochrane it may be said, with greater truth than Johnson writes of Shakespeare, that 'he lost the world for a quibble, and was content to lose it.' Mr. Cochrane could have been the Philidor of the age; but would not. His ardent temperament, as a Chess-player, runs away with his judgment; disdaining to track a beaten path, even if certain victory present itself in the vista of the route. Mr. Cochrane's banner bears for its device, 'Attack, attack.' Attack at all risk—attack at every cost. Mr. Cochrane is the most brilliant player I have ever had the honour to look over or confront; not even excepting De la Bourdonnais; and pity it is that his very brilliancy so often mars success. Mr. C.'s game may be compared to the very dashing charges made by the Mamelukes at the Battle of the Pyramids; when they impaled themselves, horse and man, upon the bayonets of France."

Mr. Walker's *Chess Studies* are in ten chapters: of which the first four are devoted to the most celebrated games of De la Bourdonnais, M'Donnell, and Philidor; the fifth to Philidor's contemporaries; the sixth to Mouret's clever artifices with the automaton-player; the seventh to the best games by correspondence (this is a very interesting section); and the remainder to the highest efforts of general modern play, both at home and abroad. The last chapter, with its subdivision of sections illustrative of the various openings, and of the game in all its stages, is in itself, as we have said, a complete encyclopedia of chess reference.

Every student and lover of this fascinating game should possess himself of Mr. Walker's book.

REMINISCENCES OF AN AWFUL EVENT.

A few prints adorned the white-washed walls of the primitive *salle a-manger*. Some of them were interesting, as representations of scenes that occurred during the awful catastrophe of the Rossberg in 1806, when the mountain slipped, and hundreds of human beings, houses, chalets, herds of cattle, farms, dairies, were destroyed in five minutes. The traces of this dreadful event, as seen from the lake of Lucerne, are so fresh, that it is difficult to believe that it did not take place yesterday; the utter ruin and desolation being still more strongly marked by the contrast with the smiling scenes around. One of the prints that interested me most was, that representing the incident of the sleeping in-

fant in its cradle, floating down the lake, the balance of the little ark being kept by the house-cat, which remained at the child's feet. The placid countenance of the unconscious slumberer amid the surrounding wreck, and the uneasy looks of the poor cat, who gazes ruefully at the waves, would make a good subject for a picture. There are a thousand well-known stories and anecdotes connected with this calamitous phenomenon: some very touching, and others relating to escapes quite miraculous. Husbands were separated from their wives, parents from their children. One of the most affecting is, that a bridal party which had just left the little church of Goldau, after assisting at the union of two lovers. The joyous procession advanced down the street, preceded by a band of rustic musicians. In the centre, surrounded by their friends, walked the youthful bridegroom and his blushing bride, the prettiest girl in the village. They had been attached since childhood, and every one sympathized in their happiness. The young man carried in his hand the "bouquet de mariage." About half way down the street lived an old dame, the village schoolmistress, who had instructed the pretty Katchan in her childhood, but was too infirm to join the wedding train. When they reached the door, the young bride disengaged her arm from that of her companion, and whispering him that she would be back in a moment, ran into the house to embrace her old preceptress. During that moment the catastrophe took place! The ground suddenly gave way beneath the feet of the bridal party; clouds of dust darkened the air; a torrent of mud, mingled with stones and rubbish, came flowing down from the mountain; and all was ruin and desolation. The bridegroom escaped without any more serious damage than that of being thrown down and stunned. He soon recovered his senses; and freeing himself by a desperate effort from the rubbish in which he was half buried, staggered to his feet, his bridal bouquet still grasped in his hand, and looked about for the house into which his beloved had entered. It was gone! Every trace of the village had disappeared, not a vestige of the old familiar scenes of his childhood met the eyes of the unfortunate young man. He ran wildly about from one heap of ruins and rubbish to another, calling loudly on his bride, but there was no answer. He interrogated the few bewildered individuals whom he met flying they knew not where, or else in search of their houses, their cattle, and their friends; he demanded of them with frantic gestures whether they had seen his Katchan: but no one knew anything about her. For three long years the unhappy young man continued his distracted search: no efforts could induce him to desist, or win him away from the fatal spot. Night and day, still carrying the faded remains of the marriage bouquet, his spectral form might be seen wandering about the ruins, and his voice calling on his lost one, now in accents of hopeless despair, and then with wild and feverish anxiety, as a gleam of hope that she would answer his cry crossed his disordered brain. How he subsisted was a miracle to all. At length his restless footsteps were heard no longer. Search was made for the unfortunate bridegroom, and he was found lying dead besides a heap of rubbish; the worn fingers of his right hand clasped tightly round a bunch of withered stalks and discoloured ribbons. His weary search was over, he had found his bride at last.

Dublin University Magazine.

NATURE AND ART.

Sur,—About the Hart Union Accordin to yure advice I tuck out for my Prize that are grate Pictur as was in the Xibition and am sorry to say I dont give satisfaction to noboddy, nayther to self and family or any Frend watsumever. Indeed sum pepel dont scrupple to say Ive been reglarly Dun in ile. The fust thing I did on its arrival were to stick it up in the back Parler verry much agin my Missis, who objected to its takin too much of her room, witch she likes to have to herself. Howsumever there it were and I made a pint to ax evvery boddy, costumers, & nabers, to step in & faver with their oppinions And witch am concern to say is all unanimus Per Contra, And partickly Sam Jones the Hous Painter whom is reckond a judge. As youd say if youd seed him squinyin at it thro a roll of paper like one of the reglar knowin wuns I see at the Nashunal Gallery. Besides backin & backin furdur & furdur off to get the rite Distance as he said, till he backt into the fire. Whereby he says theres not a room in the hole Premisis big enuff to get at the focus. And sure enuff the nigher you look into it the furdur youre off from diskivering the meanin. And my Missis objects in to-to to landskips in doors witch sounds resonable and agreeable to Nator only it would spile in the open air. So wat to do with the Pictur lord nose. Why Id better have had a share in the Boy's Distributing, with a chance of gittin a hactive one, to go round with the Tray. As for Dadley, he wont have it at no price—not even for a sign—for says he theres no enterlanement in it for man or horse. And witch I am almost convarted to myself, arter lookin at it for three Days runnin. So you see it dont improve on acquaintance. Rigbsy the Carpenter is of the same mind as the others; He have won a Prize himself, that are Print as you see in every House I goes to, like the Willer patten chaney Namely the yung Female with the Liun walkin into the Cottage—why he dont walk into hur & the old oman too is astonishin. Well there it is in the littel back parler, & as Jones says, "bein kill'd for want of space," and advises me to stick it in the slortorous, But witch I cant spare for a Pictur Gallery. As such havin follerd your professinal advice witch makes you responsible for the same Beg to know wether the Pictur cant be took back at a redeuced Wallyation Or by way of swop for the same length & Breadth, by the foot square, of littel paintings in witch case Sportin subjez would be preferd. Or would be agreeable to take out the Amount in fammilly likenesses, includin my grey mare.—Hopin for the faver of an erly reply I am Sur Your very humbel sarvent RICHARD CARNABY.

Letter of Mr. Carnaby to R. A. Brush, Esq. in Hood's Magazine.

Varieties.

POLICE OFFICE.

A case, which excited considerable amusement, was heard in Bow Street yesterday, when an old Irishwoman was brought up, charged with making a violent assault on her next-door neighbour, a young girl, also from the Green Isle. She had torn the bows out of her antagonist's cap, and finally cut her severely with a knife.

"Surely," observed the Magistrate facetiously, "such a *belle* as you never can want a BEAU!" (Laughter.)

"An' sure, your honor, isn't Bow Street the very place to come to for one?" (Roars of laughter.)

"You are at no loss for an answer, I see!"

"Nor nobody need be *here*, your honor, that can say *Bo* to a goose." (Shouts of laughter.)

"You deserve the bow-string for your impudence! But we must try what a few weeks in Newgate will do."

"That's a New-gait to me, your honor, and a very awkward gate too. If

'twere a five-barred one I'd clear it anyhow; but I don't agree with confinement." (Laughter.)

"Then, why don't you agree better with your neighbours? It is a serious business to use a knife, and gives them a strong handle against you!"

"I only cuts my disagreeable acquaintance in the street, as the quality does."

"But, then, it was on this occasion cut and come again."

"No knife can be sharper than your honor's wit, anyhow! Sure it's cutting and maiming of me that you are, as the leg of mutton said to the carving-knife. Long life, and many of them, to your lordship!"

The culprit was led away, amid shouts of applause, evidently elated that in the war of wit she had the best of it, and obviously satisfied that the glory covered the disgrace.

The Whig and Tory.

Two cats in Kilkenny
Were found one too many,
And scratch'd tooth and nail,
Till reduced to a tail.

Thus the newspapers fought,
Till the public have sought
For both sides of the story
In the Whig and the Tory.

T.

Moral Retribution at last.—M. Galignani, the publisher at Paris, who, by a twenty years' piracy of English Literature, has realised a large fortune, has just been decorated with the Legion of Honor. We really do not know which is worse—the punishment or the offence.

SONG.—BY AN OLD GENTLEMAN AT A CHARITY SALE.

Oh no! I never purchase them
Their price I've never heard,
My purse is now forced to pay
For toys I can't afford.

From booth to booth they hurry me,
That bargains I may get,
And when they win a pound from me,
'Tis much to my regret.

They tell me to be buying now
The gewgaws of the day,
They hint that I should purchase trash,
But I heed not what they say.

Perhaps, like me, they never knew
With empty purse to fret;
But, if they buy as I have bought,
They never will forget.

Imperial Parliament.

LORD BROUGHAM AND THE RAILWAY COMPANY.

[Some curious scenes have occurred in the House of Lords respecting a dispute which Lord Brougham has had with the Company projecting the Carlisle and Lancaster Railway, with the House of Commons, and by consequence with sundry Peers. The subject-matter we gather to be this. The railway passes near Lord Brougham's property, though not close to it. He at first opposed the bill, but withdrew his opposition on certain conditions, among which was the erection of some gates on the high-road which crosses the railway, at some distance—three-quarters of a mile—from the point of transection. The Company assented: and on the report of the bill in the Upper House, Lord Brougham moved a clause authorizing the erection of the gates; which was adopted. When the bill went back to the Commons, however, the Commons struck out the clause; which they said was contrary to their Standing Orders. A conference with the Lords was to ensue.]

On Monday, the Marquis of CLANRICARDE presented a petition from parties interested in the railway, alluding to the conference, and praying the House to take some steps to settle the dispute.

Lord BROUGHAM then loudly complained that the compact with him had been broken: he intimated that he could adduce evidence of some incorrect means by which the opposition in the House of Commons had been got up; and gave notice that he should move for an inquiry into the case.

Nothing further, however, was done till Thursday; when the Marquis of CLANRICARDE proceeded to close the question as between the two Houses, by moving that their Lordships should not insist upon their reasons.

Lord BROUGHAM wished for further delay, as some arrangement might be entered into with the parties.

He hoped that, notwithstanding what had occurred, no party-feeling—[Cries of "No, no!"]—would be allowed to frustrate that which he maintained to be only just and equitable. ["No, no!"] Then, if there were no party-feeling, what was the sentiment which prevailed in this matter? was it personal? ["No, no!"]—Then, he would say, let the course which on former occasions he urged upon the adoption of the House be now pursued.

The Marquis of CLANRICARDE indignantly repudiated party or personal motives; and averred that the Railway Company had no wish to annoy Lord Brougham; only they were not willing to lose their bill because the Commons would not agree to his amendment.

Lord CAMPBELL took Lord Brougham's conduct for proof of the great dangers which always occurs when a man is his own counsel; according to the saying, "A man who is his own counsel has a fool for his client." He maintained that the clause had been irregularly introduced; and that the gates on the Lancaster and Carlisle high road had nothing to do with the railway or the bill; but that if erected at all, it ought to be under a turnpike-bill. He asked Lord Shaftesbury, whether a clause could be introduced on the third reading, without notice—[Lord BROUGHAM—"No, no!"] Well, on the report?

The Earl of SHAFTESBURY said, that a clause might be so introduced, though it was not usual; but that if the gates were to be erected three-quarters of a mile from the railway, the clause was *dehors* the bill, and ought not to be admitted into it.

The Earl of DEVON said, that to postpone the debate till after the recess would only make four-and-twenty hours' difference in its ultimate passing; and he moved to adjourn the debate till the first day after the recess.

Lord BROUGHAM said, he was perfectly ashamed to detain the House on what might appear a personal and trumpery matter relating to himself; but the treatment he had met with, the manner in which he had been treated, and into giving up his opposition to the bill, formed a matter of great importance to

the conduct of private business in that House. He insisted on the necessity of an inquiry; and reiterated his charge of party motives. He wished to ask, when did their Lordships ever see the Noble Marquis and his friends around him so anxious about a clause in a railway-bill before! when so loud on such a subject—some on their legs, and some not on their legs! Why, could any man doubt, that if this had not been his (Lord Brougham's) clause, the case would have been different? If his Noble Friends would say that the same piece of work would have been made—the same fuss, and the same movements adopted, the same tone used—that they would have employed the same cries, and uttered the same calls, if the property of his Noble Friend the late Premier or of his Noble and Learned Friend who had succeeded him on the Woolsack (Lord Cottenham) had been concerned—his mind would be altered. But till he heard that, he should believe that this had been considered a good opportunity for thwarting him. His Noble and Learned Friend had intimated that, if retained as counsel in the cause, he would abandon his client. [Lord CAMPBELL—"For the sake of the character of the client!"] No! for his own case; for if he abandoned the clause, he must abandon the client also.

The Marquis of CLANRICARDE asked, why Lord Brougham had not moved for enquiry on Tuesday; and reminded the House that parties had been detained in town at great expense. He still more indignantly rebutted the charge of party motives made by Lord Brougham. He again made that attack upon him; which he defied his Noble and Learned Friend to substantiate, and which he told his Noble and Learned Friend was so gross and unfounded that few men but himself would dare to make it against him. [Loud cries of "Order!"] He begged pardon of the House; but he would say that the charge was one which few men would have made, and which no man ought to make who was not able to substantiate it. There was no want of opportunity to substantiate it, if it were possible to make it good. He had been for some time a Member of their Lordships' House; he had sat on Committees before they were selected as at present; he had sat on a great many Committees on private bills, and on railway bills; and he asked his Noble and Learned Friend to show that on any one of these bills he had ever acted improperly, or upon party or personal views. ["Hear, hear!" from Lord Brougham.] "Hear, hear!" why, then, were they told of this charge, and why was this insinuation now made? He had undertaken the duty imposed upon him most unwillingly; and though he defied any Noble Lord to show that he was in the habit of discharging duties of this nature lukewarmly, he did at first shrink from bringing up this report; for he was not ashamed to say, that it was not a pleasant thing to come in collision with his Noble and Learned Friend in a discussion of this kind, with his abilities, and power, and practice. It was not a pleasant thing to attempt to cope with abilities of his class—far from it. His Noble and Learned Friend had intimated that party-feeling was at the bottom of the course which the opponents of the clause had pursued. But his Noble and Learned Friend must allow him to say, that when he spoke of the pleasure which he said it must give them to oppose his wishes, he a little overrated his own importance. [Loud cries of "Hear, hear!"] His Noble and Learned Friend must allow him to tell him, that he a little overrated the fact that their opposition to the clause was occasioned by his hostility to certain Noble Lords, near whom, for some reason or other, he chose to sit. He knew no one, who, in argument or reasoning, could give greater support to a party than his Noble and Learned Friend; he knew how great was the power which his Noble and Learned Friend lent to a debate; he knew how much aid he extended to the Administration, and to the Noble and Learned Lord on the Woolsack: but power in this country was not only founded on eloquence, or on energy—other attributes were required; and he was not afraid to say, that if they wished to single out their most dangerous enemy, and the one that was perhaps in the first class of those to whom they would be most disposed to hold out a bait and to conciliate, he for one should not put his Noble and Learned Friend in that class. He thought that great advantages might be derived from his stupendous abilities, his wonderful acquirements, and great resources, and the readiness with which he applied them; but, if he imagined that he would for those advantages think it worth his while, putting the thing merely as a matter of mercantile value, to forfeit one particle of character from any motive, or abate one jot of a proper appreciation of duty and honesty, his Noble and Learned Friend was widely mistaken.

Lord BROUGHAM admitted that it was always unpleasant to get into altercations with a friend—a valued friend, or to listen to altercations; and he gave full belief to Lord Clanricarde's disavowal of motives; professing also great satisfaction on another point—it was said that, in the opinion of some Noble Lords, his hostility was a very light matter, and that they on the Opposition side of the House did not care about it: he was happy to hear that—he heartily rejoiced at it; because it was always painful to find your friends receiving pain from your conduct, guided though it might be by considerations of public duty; and he was glad to think that what he had been led to do by a sense of public duty was not only no disappointment to his Noble Friends, but that they were indifferent about it, and thought it a matter of no consequence whatever. He was very glad of this, for it relieved his mind and disembarassed him exceedingly, and he should consider henceforth that he could pursue his duty with a degree of freedom and lightness of mind. He had been accused of overrating his own importance. He did not overrate his own importance, he could assure his Noble Friends, nor underrate their public-spirit, though, perhaps, he overrated their party zeal; which, however, would not be easy, for their Lordships had now fallen upon days when party, like the trunk of the elephant, found nothing too insignificant for it to pick up, nothing too powerful for it to grapple with—sometimes uprooting a rock or an oak, sometimes lifting a needle. Now, he thought of himself not as the rock or the oak, but the smaller subject of party; and he regretted coming within the party-proboscis, and was not conscious of giving himself any airs or signs of undue importance. Perhaps, however, at the bottom of all this annoyance to his Noble Friends, was his sometimes supporting her Majesty's Government, and not them. They perceived, however, that the difference between the two parties was not always so very trifling as that a little dust or a needle in the balance could turn the scale; and they said that they did not mind him throwing that dust, that little needle, into the opposite scale. But then, they ought not to abuse him so much, or complain of him; for he went over in good company. He wished his Noble Friend Lord Howden was there; he would have applied to him to confirm what he said, for Lord Howden had made a most able and eloquent speech the other night in support of Ministers; and Lord Grey had written to Lord Howden approving of his speech, and saying that if he had been in his place in Parliament he also should have supported Ministers.

The discussion went on thus irregularly somewhat longer; the Duke of WELLINGTON and the Marquis of SALISBURY advocating the postponement of the question; the Earl of RADNOR and Lord MONTEAGLE opposing it. On a division, the adjournment was negatived, by 33 to 32.

[OFFICIAL.]—BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas a Convention for the surrender of criminals, between the United States of America and his Majesty the King of the French, was concluded and signed by their Plenipotentiaries, at Washington, on the ninth day of November last; which Convention being in the English and French languages, is word for word as follows:

Convention for the surrender of criminals, between the United States of America and his Majesty the King of the French.

The United States of America and His Majesty the King of the French, having judged it expedient, with a view to the better administration of justice, and to the prevention of crime within their respective territories and jurisdictions, that persons charged with the crimes hereafter enumerated, and being fugitives from justice, should, under certain circumstances, be reciprocally delivered up, the said United States of America, and His Majesty the King of the French, have named as their plenipotentiaries to conclude a convention for this purpose, that is to say: the President of the United States of America, Abel P. Upshur, Secretary of State of the United States, and His Majesty the King of the French, the Sieur Pageot, officer of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honor, His Minister Plenipotentiary, ad interim, in the United States of America; who, after having communicated to each other their respective full powers, found in good and due form, have agreed upon and concluded the following articles:

ARTICLE I.—It is agreed that the high contracting parties shall, on requisitions made in their name, through the medium of their respective diplomatic agents, deliver up to justice persons, who being accused of the crimes enumerated in the next following article, committed within the jurisdiction of the requiring party, shall seek an asylum or shall be found within the territories of the other: Provided, That this shall be done only when the fact of the commission of the crime shall be so established as that the laws of the country, in which the fugitive or the person so accused shall be found, would justify his or her apprehension and commitment for trial, if the crime had been there committed.

ARTICLE II.—Persons shall be so delivered up who shall be charged, according to the provisions of this convention, with any of the following crimes, to wit: murder, (comprehending the crimes designated in the French penal code by the terms assassination, parricide, infanticide, and poisoning), or with an attempt to commit murder, or with rape, or with forgery, or with arson, or with embezzlement by public officers, when the same is punishable with infamous punishment.

ARTICLE III.—On the part of the French Government, the surrender shall be made only by authority of the Keeper of the Seals, Minister of Justice; and on the part of the Government of the United States, the surrender shall be made only by authority of the Executive thereof.

ARTICLE IV.—The expenses of any detention and delivery, effected in virtue of the preceding provisions, shall be borne and defrayed by the Government in whose name the requisition shall have been made.

ARTICLE V.—The provisions of the present convention shall not be applied in any manner to the crimes enumerated in the second article, committed anterior to the date thereof, of any crime or offence of a purely political character.

ARTICLE VI.—This convention shall continue in force until it shall be abrogated by the contracting parties, or one of them; but it shall not be abrogated except by mutual consent, unless the party desiring to abrogate it shall give six months' previous notice of his intention to do so. It shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be exchanged, within the space of six months, or earlier if possible.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, - a 9 1-4 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1844.

Sir Robert Peel, in bringing his new Banking Measure before the house a second time (on the 20th ult.), took occasion to explain more clearly to the general understanding, the objects he had in view, as well as to state certain alterations from the scheme at first propounded by him. Of the latter the principal one is concerning additional issues of notes by the Bank. He originally proposed that the assent of three members of the Government should be sufficient authority to the Bank for making the additional issue requested, but he now proposed to make necessary the permission of the Queen and council, and that such permission should immediately afterwards be published in the London Gazette. The addition also to be founded on not less than one-third in Bullion, and not more than two-thirds in Securities. In alluding to Bullion, Sir Robert explained that it meant either coined gold, or gold in bars; also that it had been common to include Silver in the term; he then proceeded to say that although gold is the standard, and is the only legal tender, yet as regarded the issue of notes on the bullion standard, the silver in the Bank coffers might be considered an equitable ground of issue, without in the least altering the form of legal tender. The Preamble of the bill is to state the grounds upon which, only, the Bank can ask for an additional issue of notes on securities; these are not many, and consist of the following, namely, a Country Bank failure, such bank having been a bank of issue at the passing of this bill; a Country Bank voluntarily withdrawing its issues, or such a Bank wishing to change its own issues for those of the Bank of England. All this tends to keep up constantly the same amount of circulating medium in England under any circumstances of foreign trade.

We presume, then, that a certain maximum will be fixed upon in the circulation of Bank notes, including those of country bankers, upon which the country will not derive profit, but beyond that maximum, if it shall be found expedient to the Queen in Council to give permission to issue, the profit is to be to the country, and not to the bankers. The issues both of the Bank of England and of private banks, are to be published, weekly; those of private banks are to be published daily, and their weekly issues shall neither be above nor below the averages of those banks, taken upon the preceding 104 weeks before the bill shall be in force.

The scheme is very generally approved, and with certain modifications will in all probability pass into a law.

A good deal of *tupage* has recently occurred through a portion of the public press, in consequence of a published letter from Mr. Elliott, the British *Chargé d'Affaires*, to Mr. Anson, the Texan Secretary of State, published, too, be it remembered, by the Texan Government, which, in this case at least, has acted in a manner which can scarcely be deemed quite honorable. From this letter, the press to which we allude would fain make it appear that the British Government have a strong interest, and have taken strong action in preventing the annexation of Texas with the United States. So little is that letter calculated to convey such effects to our own mind, that we here give it *verbatim* to our readers without any proem or preliminary remarks. It is as follows:—

Letter to the Texan Secretary of State from the British *Chargé d'Affaires*.

Galveston, April 3, 1844.

To the Hon. Anson Jones, &c. &c. Washington:—

The undersigned, her Britannic Majesty's *Chargé d'Affaires* to the Republic of Texas, has had the honor to receive Mr. Jones' note of the 25th ultimo, in reply to his own of the 22d idem; and he offers his acknowledgements for this statement of the situation of circumstances, which shall be transmitted to Her Majesty's Government without delay.

In the meantime, however, he considers it right to remark that he does not believe Her Majesty's Government have formed the same opinion as this Government, upon the disposition of Mexico to any amicable settlement with Texas, upon reasonable and admissible terms. Indeed, he is disposed to think that Her Majesty's Government had become more sanguine that a different state of feeling was growing up in that quarter, and he ascribes any recent appearance to the contrary, to the indisposition of Mexico to the annexation of Texas to the United States. Thus impressed, he believes that Mexico would have consented to terms of armistice more acceptable to this Government, if it had not been thought prudent to avoid a truce of convenient duration for the conduct of negotiations at another point, having in view a combination, naturally so ill-liked at Mexico, as the annexation of Texas to the United States. He will merely farther remark, of the truce agreed upon between the commissioners of Texas and Mexico, that if it had conformed with the policy of this Government to avail themselves of that opening, he entertains the opinion that it might have been improved into a convenient form and duration.

Of the detention of the Texan prisoners in Mexico, which has been noticed by Mr. Jones as another proof of the indisposition of the Government of Mexico to amicable settlement, the undersigned will freely admit (speaking for himself) that he thinks the Government of Mexico ought to have released those prisoners. But he is bound to confess, with equal frankness, that he has reason to think the Mexican Government will be able to adduce motives for their conduct in this particular which may account for it, without resorting to a general indisposition to adjust with Texas upon peaceful and honorable terms, as the ground of the continued detention of these unhappy men.

The temporary interruption of the official intercourse between Her Majesty's *Chargé d'Affaires* at Mexico and that Government, is noticed by Mr. Jones as another event of a discouraging character. The undersigned can only say upon that point that he is sure Her Majesty's Government would not have delayed to communicate their apprehensions to the same effect to the Government of Texas, if they had participated in them for a moment.

Weighing all circumstances of the case as carefully as he can, the undersigned will take the liberty here to express the belief that at no period of the interposition of Her Majesty's Government, for the settlement of the dispute between Texas and Mexico, could it ever have appeared to them that there were better founded hopes of an early and honorable adjustment than at the moment when, as Mr. Jones observes, the door to annexation to the United States was unexpectedly opened to the people of this country.

The approach in that sense was most probably unexpected in Mexico too, for it came when there was a state of known truce between the parties, when Texan Commissioners (respectfully received) were actually in the Mexican territory, and while negotiations, first for an armistice, and then for a peace, were known to be in contemplation, and in point of fact, in progress.

The intimation of such a proposal to the Government of Texas, by the Government of the United States, would of course become known to the Government of Mexico about the same time, and made under the state of circumstances then existing, it can hardly be a source of surprise that it produced this disturbing effect which has followed.

The undersigned thinks he could not discharge his duty, if he omitted to express the earnest hope that the Government and people of Texas will not make the incalculably heavy sacrifice of their separate national existence, under the impression that the prospect of amicable settlement with Mexico has passed away. He believes that there is no good ground for such an impression; and he is also of the opinion that it is still in the power of the Government of Texas, to renew the negotiations with Mexico upon a hopeful basis by reassuring that Government upon a point on which it is justly entitled to expect complete reassurance, before friendly negotiations with Texas are set on foot.

The undersigned cannot refrain from observing that there is no want of evidence in the press of the United States, that very eminent and practised statesmen in that country are firmly opposed to the annexation of Texas to that Union, either at all, or at least under any other condition than the consent of Mexico, peacefully obtained. Neither does it seem to be doubtful, judging from the same sources, that these opinions are shared by a large part of the people of that confederacy. The undersigned trusts that his own sincere desire of the independence and prosperity of Texas will be the excuse for alluding to these considerations, on which, however, he has no intention to dwell.

He will close this note with the renewed declaration of the desire of Her Majesty's government to be helpful in the adjustment of this dispute upon terms of honor, justice, and advantage, both to Texas and Mexico, with the expression of the opinion of Her Majesty's government that the preservation of their independence is the best security of the people of Texas, for their ultimate prosperity, both political and commercial.

The health of the undersigned is still in a very broken condition, (so much so, that he writes with difficulty.) But he will wait at New Orleans, or in its immediate neighbourhood as long as he safely can, and will be happy to receive any communications which the government of Texas may do him the honor to forward to him, through the channel he has already indicated to Mr. Jones.

He avails himself of this occasion to convey to Mr. Jones renewed assurances of the regard and distinguished consideration with which he has the honor to remain,

His most obedient and faithful servant,

(Signed)

CHARLES ELLIOTT.

Now really with all the watchfulness and suspicion which we have been able to throw over this letter, we remain without any convictions that contradict the

plain and frank declaration of Lord Aberdeen on the subject. Mr. Elliott does but shew that the interposition of the British Government between Mexico and Texas was making favorable progress, when the renewal of the proposition for annexing Texas threw matters into comparative disorder, by stirring up those jealousies on the part of Mexico which must naturally be yet unsubdued altogether. The British mediation between those countries became thereby interrupted; but what says Mr. Elliott thereon? He does not say it is his hope that Texas and the United States shall not be annexed, but that it is his "earnest hope that the Government and people of Texas will not make the incalculable heavy sacrifice of their separate national existence," merely "under the impression that the prospect of amicable settlement with Mexico has passed away." The only thing to be inferred from which is, that Mr. Elliott,—ipse, he—would rather that Texas should first have obtained from Mexico, as he believes she might, the acknowledgement of her independence, and then make such alliances or arrangements as she should consider it her best interest to make,—that of annexation with the United States among the rest, if she thought proper.

It is not in the power of diplomacy, however acute, to pick a hole in the declarations of Lord Aberdeen, nor to twist the meaning of either Mr. Fox or Mr. Pakenham on this subject. England does not want Texas, except as a country to deal with commercially; we will not pretend to say that she looks with indifference upon the proposed annexation, but whatever her wishes may be, she will never take dishonourable or secret steps to throw obstacles in the way of independent action.

The celebrated Thos. W. Dorr, of Rhode Island notoriety, has received the sentence prescribed by the law in cases like his, that is, *Imprisonment for life in the State Prison*. This, we understand, is accompanied by hard labour, and the law does not admit of the mitigation or commutation of the sentence. The only pardoning power in the State is the Legislature; and it is believed that an application thereto, in a proper spirit, accompanied also with sufficient pledges and securities for future peaceable conduct, fidelity to the government, and respect for the laws, will be successful in procuring his pardon and release.

His Excellency the President of the United States arrived in this city on Tuesday last, and took apartments at Howard's Hotel, Broadway. On the following afternoon he was united in marriage to Miss Julia Gardiner, daughter of the late Col. David Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island, whose death was caused by the awful explosion on board the Princeton. The ceremony, which took place at Ascension Church in the Fifth Avenue, was performed by the bishop of this diocese,—Right Rev. Dr. Onderdonk—assisted by the Rector of the church, Dr. Bedell. Some disparity of age exists between the bride and the bridegroom, the former being about twenty-four and the latter fifty-five years old. In the evening the happy pair departed for Philadelphia, and shortly will take up their abode at the Rip Raps in Virginia.

We perceive, with most unfeigned satisfaction, that his Honor the Mayor of this city is determined to restrain the licentiousness which has hitherto disgraced the streets on the Annual Celebration of the Declaration of Independence—4th July. The proclamation issued by him, which is of a truly patriotic character, sets forth the enormity of the desecration of such a day, and the abuses which result from the booths which obstruct the side walks, and give facilities for drunkenness and riot; and while he earnestly and mildly argues against them, he expresses a confidence, which will assuredly be accorded to him, that he will be assisted and supported both by the authorities generally, and by every well disposed citizen. So sacred and important an event to every American, deserves a nobler celebration than that of brutal excess and inebriety.

The excitement in the vicinity of Nauvoo is growing to an alarming height. It is caused by the order for the destruction of a Printing Press at Nauvoo, which was opposed to the prophet of the Mormons, Joe Smith, and to his adherents. The citizens of Hancock County having called a meeting on the subject—for the alarm had become extensive—it was resolved that every man should arm himself as well as he should be able, and that the interposition of the executive should be demanded. It seems that the Mormonites now number about 15,000 persons, for the greater part devoted to Smith; but as the citizens purpose not to rest until a complete extermination of this violent sect shall be accomplished, many of the Mormonites, to the amount of two or three hundred, had begun to move off, and probably still more would have followed the example but that they have been threatened with the anathema of their prophet if they do not remain firm. In the mean time, as appears by the Western papers of the 14th to the 17th inst., arms, ammunition, and recruits, are passing from Quincy and other places, to Warsaw, and it is not unlikely that war and violence may be the result before an effective interference of the executive can be brought about.

Of the many steamboat excursions with notices of which the columns of our daily papers teem, we know of none more healthful and pleasant, than those daily made to the Fishing Banks by the steamer "Thomas Salmond," Capt. T. W. Schultz; for, apart from the benefits to be derived from inhaling the pure breath of old Ocean, so grateful to the senses of the languid, the disciples of Izaak Walton can indulge their partiality for piscatory sports to the full—sea-bass, black-fish, and flounders abounding at the "Banks." Mr. Henry E. Riell, under whose management these delightful excursions are conducted, takes every pains to promote the comfort and convenience of the passengers, and every thing is conducted in a highly praiseworthy manner.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

M OLE BULL gave a concert at the Tabernacle last night, being the only one at this juncture which he could give, as he has engagements in Canada, where he proceeds forthwith. He was assisted by Miss M. R. Siegling in the vocal department, and had a full orchestral accompaniment, the whole being under the direction of Mr. Timm. We cannot report particulars this week, but have no doubt of their excellence.

PALMO'S OPERA HOUSE.—This house will be re-opened for a short period, to give opportunity for the display of *Madame Cinti Damoreau's* exquisite talent in operatic vocalism. On Monday evening will be played Rossini's opera of "L'Italiana in Algieri," in which she will perform, assisted by *Antognini, Valtellina, Sanquirico, Madame Boulard, &c.*; and the orchestra will be led by *Rapetti*.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

The first match of Cricket on the part of the New York Cricket Club will take place this day. It is to be a friendly match consisting of two Innings each, between eleven members of the New York Cricket Club, and seven Junior members of the St. George's Cricket Club with four seniors added to them. The wickets are to be pitched at nine o'clock this morning, and play to commence as soon after that hour as possible. We understand that the young Club members are greatly stimulated to effect an honourable commencement, and it is probable that if they do not even win, they will not be beaten without a faithful struggle. It is probable that there will be a large company on the ground, as many of the New York members are Americans. The match is to be played on the ground of the St. George's Cricket Club, at Thirty-first street, Bloomingdale-road.

MARYLEBONE CLUB AND OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

The annual grand match between the University of Oxford and nine gentlemen of the Marylebone Club, with Hillyer and Lillywhite, was played on Thursday and Friday last on the Magdalen Ground, Cowley Marsh, Oxford, in the presence of numerous spectators. Soon after twelve o'clock the play began. The Marylebone gentlemen were the favourites at 6. to 4. The University went in first, and placed Mr. Ainslie and Mr. C. Randolph at the wickets; the latter stopped many excellent balls from Lillywhite and Hillyer, when after scoring a two, and two single runs, he was cleverly stumped by the wicket keeper, Mr. Garth. Mr. V. C. Smith took his place, and after scoring one was bowled by a regular bailer from Lillywhite. Mr. Ainslie was directly after disposed of by a fine ball from Hillyer without scoring. Mr. Williams and Mr. Marcon followed, when both gentlemen set to work, and their hitting soon began to tell upon the score, having added to it upwards of thirty before they parted company. Mr. Williams unfortunately was put out, leg before wicket, just as he had got a good sight of the ball. Mr. Marcon's timber felt soon after from a leg ball bowled by Hillyer, after giving a fine chance to the field, by hitting the ball into the air, which was left to the wicket keeper, through whose hands it slipped. The former scored 20, consisting of a pair of fours, a three, three twos, and three ones; the latter scored 15, made by a five, a four, and six ones. Mr. Coker and Mr. Lear took the places of the last batters, and when the former had marked a two and a one, an off ball from Lillywhite gave him notice to quit. Mr. Cherry succeeded him, and he and his partner added 20 to the score; Mr. Lear wrote 8, with a four and four single runs, when he received his quietus from Hillyer; Mr. Cherry's score was 12, composed of a four, three twos, and two single runs, when a shooter of Hillyer's feiled his timber. Mr. Moberley and Mr. Wickham were disposed of without a run, the former by Lillywhite, and the latter by Hillyer, Mr. J. Randolph being left alone in his glory without a score. The innings terminated with a score of 67. On the Marylebone going in, Messrs. Hartopp and Lillywhite were placed at the wickets, when the veteran, after scoring 1, was cleverly caught by Mr. Smith. Mr. Hartopp obtained six ones and a two by steady batting, when he was served in the same way by the wicket keeper. They were followed by Mr. Marshall and Hillyer; the former scored nine, consisting of a three, a pair of twos, and two single runs, when a fine shooting ball knocked down his stumps, and his partner, after scoring two single runs, lost his wicket in rather an extraordinary manner; Mr. Randolph bowled a ball which pitched rather short; Hillyer, anxious to play to it, stepped forward, the ball rose suddenly, and in endeavouring to save himself from a blow stooped when the ball knocked his hat clean off his head on to the stumps, taking the place of the bails. Mr. R. Garth and Mr. Kettle were the next in rotation; the former gentleman by his lively batting soon assisted the score with a four, two, threes, a two, and a single run, when he was well caught by Mr. Cherry. Mr. Kettle having marked two single runs was obliged to leave his wicket from a fine ball by Mr. Randolph. Mr. Austen and Mr. Bromley were soon disposed of, without troubling the scorers. Mr. Cholmondley, after making a three and a one lost his wicket by a trimmer from Mr. Moberly. Mr. Garth, jun., was bowled by Mr. Randolph without assisting the score, leaving Mr. Hildyard alone at the wickets. The score, with the assistance of 4 byes and wide balls, amounted to 43, being in a minority of 24. The second innings of the University side commenced by Messrs. Smith and C. Randolph taking the bats; the former's timber was felled by Lillywhite, after assisting the score with a five and a three; and the latter also received notice to quit from the veteran, after writing 2. Mr. Williams was cleverly caught and bowled by Hillyer, without a score. Mr. Moberly, after making a fine display of batting and scoring 20 runs, by a couple of threes, four twos, and six single runs, was bowled by Hillyer. Mr. Coker, without adding to the score, was also bowled by Hillyer. Mr. Marcon wrote a three and a pair of ones, when he had notice to quit from Lillywhite. Mr. Ainslie made a two and a one, when his wickets were cut up by a trimmer from Hillyer. Mr. Lear scored three single runs, and was finely bowled by Lillywhite. Mr. Cherry made a little work for the fielders, by hitting the ball first to the right and left, but after marking 17 unfortunately ran himself out. Mr. Randolph was also run out, without troubling the scorers. Mr. Wickham's wicket was left standing with a score of one. The innings amounted to 63, which, with the overplus of the first innings, left the Marylebone 87 runs to get. The second innings of the Marylebone was a highly interesting one, for during the whole of it the match was very little in favour of one side or the other, except at the starting, when 18 runs were obtained for the loss of one

wicket; a change immediately followed, the second was lowered for the same number, the third for 22, the fourth 28, the fifth 32, the sixth 37. At this state of the game Mr. Garth and Lillywhite faced each other, when the score was very much altered; the former by his very lively play added 24 to it, and the latter 8 by steady batting. The seventh wicket was down for 68 runs, the eighth for the same number, and the ninth for 72, leaving the two last (Mr. Austen and Mr. Bromley) 16 runs to win; of which they succeeded in obtaining 10. At this state of the game the greatest anxiety prevailed on both sides, when a trimmer from Mr. C. Randolph settled the game, and the Oxonians were consequently the winners, with five runs to spare. The play during the match was in general very good, and the bowling particularly so, not a single wide ball being given by Hillyer or Lillywhite, who bowled during both innings, and very few by Mr. C. Randolph and Mr. Moberly.

UNIVERSITY.

1st inn.	2d do.
M. M. Ainslie, Esq., b Hillyer.... 0	b Hillyer..... 3
C. Randolph, st Garth, b Lillywhite 4	b Lillywhite..... 2
V. C. Smith, Esq., b Lillywhite... 1	b Lillywhite..... 8
P. Williams, Esq., lbw, b Lillywhite 20	c and b Hillyer..... 0
W. Marcon, Esq., b Lillywhite.... 15	b Lillywhite..... 5
J. Coker, Esq., b Lillywhite..... 3	b Hillyer..... 0
F. Lear, Esq., c—, b Lillywhite 8	b Lillywhite..... 3
G. C. Cherry, Esq., b Hillyer.... 12	run out..... 17
H. E. Moberly, Esq., b Lillywhite 0	c and b Hillyer..... 20
J. Randolph, Esq., not out..... 0	run out..... 0
Wickham, Esq., b Hillyer..... 0	not out..... 1
Byes..... 4	byes..... 4
Total..... 67	Total..... 63

MARYLEBONE.

1st inn.	2d do.
Hartopp, Esq., c Williams, b C. Randolph 8	run out..... 4
Lillywhite, c Smith, b Moberly... 1	leg before wicket, b C. Randolph 8
Marshall, Esq., b C. Randolph... 9	b C. Randolph..... 2
Hillyer, hat fell on wicket, by C. Randolph..... 2	b Moberly..... 4
Randolph..... 2	run out..... 24
R. Garth, Esq., c Cherry, b Moberly 13	b Moberly..... 5
Kettle, Esq., b C. Randolph..... 2	not out..... 3
Austen, Esq., run out..... 0	c Williams, b Moberly..... 4
Cholmondeley, Esq., b Moberly... 4	b Smith..... 0
Garth, Esq., b C. Randolph..... 0	c Moberly, b C. Randolph... 9
Hildyard, Esq., not out..... 0	Bromley, Esq., b C. Randolph 9
Byes 3, wide ball 1..... 4	byes 4, wide balls 6..... 10
Total..... 43	Total..... 52

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The season at this house was brought to its close on Wednesday evening. A full house was expected in consequence of the engagement of *Max Bohrer*, the celebrated violoncellist, for that night only; but music itself, and musical skill, must succumb to heat. Even *Max Bohrer* could not attract, with a thermometer at 90. The genuine *max*, thinly diluted, would have stood a much better chance. The performance of the artist, however, was very beautiful, though not unmixed with those blots of *charlatanerie* which disgrace them; he needs not to use clap-traps, for he has great sterling merit, but he seems to have got so much into the habit that, like the equally disgusting one of using tobacco, it has become too powerful to be shaken off. He played a *pot-pourri* from the compositions of *Belini*, arranged by himself, and was very effective in it; a dance followed, and then he played the "Carnivale de Venise," after the manner of *Paganini*, *Ole Bull*, *Vieuxtemps*, &c. We know not but that there is even greater scope on the violoncello than on the violin itself, for the strange vagaries of which this *motif* is capable, and perhaps there is no one who enters more fully into the humour which the air generates than *Max Bohrer*. We fear this artist has not had all the success in this country which his skill deserves, but we must say that he has mixed much of the alloy of quackery with the gold of musical skill and taste which he undoubtedly possesses.

BOWERY THEATRE.—The latest production here seems to have been a decided hit, as it is played nightly, and always to full houses—even in midsummer. In fact, the drama of "Nero, or The Captive Jewess," has been got up "with all appliances and means to boot" which this establishment possesses, and which are more extensive than those of any other in America. They are likewise playing here a piece called "Six degrees of CRIME," whereas they are but five degrees of *crime* and one of *punishment*. Attend, reader; they are as follow: Wine, Women, Gaming, Theft, Murder, and—*Scaffold!* *Mirabile dictu*, the scaffold a crime! We confess to a little fastidiousness—perhaps hypercriticism—on this point, for we would have the title of a drama to be a clear index to its subject.

NIBLO'S GARDEN AND SUMMER THEATRE.—The entertainments here are, to use a well-known phrase, "first-rate," and now that the evenings have become fine, the accommodations and amusements out of the theatre are "first rate" also. *Dodsworth's* well known and excellent military band play before the theatrical performances begin, again during the intermission, and again at their close. The walks are more beautiful than ever, and the fragrance emitted from the numerous flowers and exotics is absolutely ravishing to the sense. Ice creams of the best quality have become largely in demand, and great as are the attractions in the theatre, those in the saloon tempt the audience to partake of them. Mr. Mitchell brought out the extravaganza of "The Deep, deep Sea" on Monday, but withdrew it after a second representation; the scenery was beautiful, but the acting and singing were but so-so. That Mr.

Dunn neither knows music himself, nor can he have an air, at all beyond the simplest melody, driven into him. That one of "A pleasant nap he loves," was most execrable "and not to be endured." By the bye, it really belongs to the part of *Neptune*, and poor *Latham* used to sing it well.

On dit, that great preparations are on foot for bringing out that splendid ballet, "The Revolt of the Harem," which told so well on the other side of the Atlantic, and that a vast accession of saltatory force is engaged for it. From the names that are given, such as *Mddles. Desjardins, les saurs Vallée, Messrs. Maclin, Korponay, Desire, Wells*, and others, much may be expected. *Mitchell's* "Revolt of the Poor House" is a burlesque of this fine ballet, and it would be no bad thing to play the burlesque occasionally and contemporaneously with its prototype, which would elicit the true spirit of each.

Whilst on this subject, though not *a-propos* to it, we may notice one of the freaks of *Madame Fortune*. A man in the employment of Mr. Bengough, the scenic artist of this establishment, known, we understand, by the familiar sobriquet of "Old Sam," and who has been long engaged in mixing colours, or doing the "slashing work" of the scene painting, has been recently in receipt of a large legacy to the tune of £25,000 sterling, or thereabouts. It is further said that "Old Sam," though now a rich man, will not give up his old occupation, to which he has now become attached, but will continue to serve the excellent artist who has been hitherto his employer.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—This popular little theatre continues to be filled to an overflow every night. The benefits have commenced here, and *Miss Reynolds*, the pet of the Chathamites, had a fine one on Thursday evening. She was assisted by *Messrs. Rice* (the veritable *Jim Crow*) and *E. S. Connor*.

Literary Notices.

THE ILLUMINATED BIBLE.—New York: Harpers.—The fifth part of this beautiful edition of the Holy Scriptures is just published; it brings the Sacred Writings to Leviticus, chap. XIII; the embellishments are quite equal to any that have preceded them, and the text is delightfully clear. This edition is having an immense sale.

ROSE D'ALBRET, OR TROUBLOUS TIMES.—By G. P. R. James.—New York: Harpers.—The author here revels in times and subjects exactly to his mind, and in which he is deeply conversant, those namely of *Henri Quatre* of France. The public may therefore be assured of an interesting romance.

MCCULLOCH'S GAZETTEER.—Part XIII.—New York: Harpers.—This capital Work of reference here reaches us as far as *Med.*, and is about two thirds through. Each number contains 112 pages of very closely printed letter press, making in the whole an immense mass of valuable matter.

REPOSITORY OF MODERN ENGLISH ROMANCE.—New York: Winchester.—The works included in this pretty and cheap serial at present are, "The Cour of Queen Anne," "Arrah Neil," and "Tom Burke of Ours," it well deserves a large circulation.

MIRROR LIBRARY.—No. 25.—The tasteful publishers of The New Mirror have in this number put forth the "Gems of Scottish Song," and a fine selection it is. Each song is prefaced with some account of it and of its writer. This is a very pleasing number.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE FOR JUNE 1844.—New York: Leonard Scott & Co.—After much competition the reprint of this fine periodical has devolved to this firm only, and it is put forth in very excellent style. The number before us is worthy of its predecessors.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL. New Series.—This highly improved series is brought up to June 1. The alteration in its form, and its otherwise greatly beautified appearance, have much increased the sale of it. It is so much more portable than the larger form that we cannot wonder at the preference; indeed, the time is gone by when readers were to be captivated by the mere show of a large arrear of page; they want convenience as well as quantity, and really the desire is not an unreasonable one. This work is imported and for sale by E. Baldwin, 155 Broadway.

Good Resolution.—We hear that so strong a sense of remorse and self-degradation has been excited in the House of Commons by reflection on its late tergiversation on the Factory Question, that a resolution is to be moved, at its next sitting, to the effect that it be forthwith summoned before its own bar to answer to itself for bringing itself into contempt.

ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB OF NEW YORK.—NOTICE.—The next monthly meeting of this Club, will be held at Clarke & Brown's New Room, on Monday evening, the 1st July, at 7 o'clock. Punctual attendance is requested.
NEW YORK, June 29, 1844. SAMUEL NICHOLS, Sec'y.

NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB.—"Corporis Animique Robore."—A regular meeting will be held at the Office of the "Spirit of the Times," on Wednesday evening, July 3d, 1844, at 7½ o'clock.
THOMAS P. MILNER, Sec'y.

GOVERNESS WANTED.—An accomplished lady of refined manners is wanted to finish the Education of one young lady, and to undertake the entire charge and instruction of two others, 10 and 8 years of age. A thorough knowledge of French, Music, and Drawing, with the usual English Branches, will be required. She will have the assistance of some masters. An Episcopalian of pious disposition, one who has had experience, and can take maternal care, and give maternal advice, would be preferred. To such, a comfortable and a permanent home is offered. References of the most unexceptionable character will be expected. Letters (post-paid) addressed "Clericus," at the office of the Anglo American, No. 4 Barclay-Street, will meet with attention. The situation will not be filled for one month, in order to afford opportunity for applications from a distance.
Jn29-4t.

APARTMENTS, &c.—Very superior accommodations, with or without board, may be obtained in this city, by applying either at No. 113 Hudson Street, or at the Office of this Journal.
May 18.

GENTLEMEN'S LEFT OFF WARDROBE.—The HIGHEST PRICES can be obtained by Gentlemen or Families who are desirous of converting their left off wearing apparel into cash. J. LEVINSTY, 466 Broadway, up stairs.
A line through the Post Office, or otherwise, will receive prompt attention. [J22-1m*]

M. RADER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and manufactured Tobacco. Ap. 20-ly.

THOMAS H. CHAMBERS,
(Formerly Conductor to Dubois & Stodart.)
PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER,
No. 385 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

N.B.—All Piano Fortes sold at this Establishment are warranted to stand the action of any climate. May 11-6m.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA,
FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obsolete Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubbish Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injurious Use of Mercury, Acites, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.
The following certificate is from a gentleman who lost the whole of his nose from a severe Scrofulous disease. It speaks for itself.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 25, 1842.

Messrs. SANDS:—Gent.—Although I am disfigured and deformed for life, I have not lost my recollection; and never, while I exist, shall I cease to feel grateful for benefits conferred, through the use of your invaluable Sarsaparilla. I was attacked in the year 1828 with a scrofulous affection on the end of my nose, commencing with a small red spot, attended with itching and burning sensations. This induced rubbing, and now commenced the ravages of a disease which progressed as follows: the left nostril was first destroyed, and, continuing upwards, it crossed the bridge of the nose, and, seizing upon the right side, destroyed the cartilage, bone and all the surrounding parts, until, finally, the nose was entirely eaten off; the passage for conveying tears from the eye to the nose obliterated, which caused a continual flow of tears. The disease now seized upon the upper lip, extending to the right cheek, and my feelings and sufferings were such as can better be imagined than described. I am a native of Nottingham, in England, and my case is well known there. The first Physicians in the Kingdom prescribed for me, but with little benefit. At one time I was directed to take 63 drops of the "Tincture of Iodine" three times a day, which I continued for six months in succession. At another time I applied Oil of Vitriol to the parts. After this used a prescription of Sir Astley Cooper's, but all proved in vain. I continued to grow worse, and as a drowning man will catch at a straw, I used every remedy I could hear of that was considered applicable to my case, until I became disgusted with the treatment, and relinquished all hope of ever getting well.

Many pronounced the disease a Cancer, but Dr. M.—, under whose treatment I was considered it Scrofulous Lupus, and this is the name given it by medical men. As a last resort I was recommended to try change of air and an Atlantic voyage, and in April last I sailed for America, and arrived here in the month of May. The disease continued gradually to increase, extending upwards and backwards, having destroyed the entire nose, and fast verging towards the frontal bone, it seized upon the upper jaw and surrounding parts.

While crossing on the Ferry-boat from Brooklyn to New York, a gentleman was attracted by my appearance, and thus accosted me:—"My friend, have you used the Sarsaparilla?" Yes, replied I, various kinds, and every thing else I could hear of; but, said he, "I mean Sand's Sarsaparilla?" No, I replied. "Then use it, for I believe it will cure you." Being thus addressed by a stranger I was induced to make a trial of a medicine he so highly recommended.

I purchased one bottle, which gave me relief, and wonderful to tell, after using your Sarsaparilla less than two months, I feel within me well. The disease is stopped in its ravages, all those racking and tormenting pains are gone, my food relishes, my digestion is good, and I sleep well; and, under the blessing of Divine Providence, I attribute the result entirely to the use of Sand's Sarsaparilla. With desire that the afflicted may no longer delay, but use the right medicine and get cured.

I remain, with feelings of lasting gratitude,

Your friend,

THOMAS LLOYD,

Nutria Alley, Pearl-street.

STATE OF NEW-YORK, } On this 25th day of November, 1842, before me came Thos. City of Brooklyn, ss. } Lloyd, and acknowledged the truth of the foregoing paper, and that he executed the same.

HENRY C. MURPHY, Mayor of the City of Brooklyn.

WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA IN NORWICH, CONN.

Read the following from Mrs. Wm. Phillips, who has long resided at the Falls. The facts are well known to all the old residents in that part of the city.

Messrs. A. B. SANDS & Co.—Sirs: Most gratefully do I embrace this opportunity for stating to you the great relief I obtained from the use of your Sarsaparilla. I shall also be happy, through you, to publish to all who are afflicted, as I lately was, the account of my unexpected, and even for a long while despairing of cure. Mine is a painful story, and trying and sickening as is the narrative of it, for the sake of many who may be so surely relieved, I will briefly yet accurately state it.

Nineteen years ago last April a fit of sickness left me with an Erysipelas eruption. Dropsical collections immediately took place over the entire surface of my body, causing such an enlargement that it was necessary to add a half yard to the size of my dresses around the waist. Next followed, upon my limbs, ulcers, painful beyond description. For years, both in summer and winter, the only mitigation of my suffering was found in pouring upon those parts cold water. From my limbs the pain extended over my whole body. There was literally for me no rest, by day or by night. Upon lying down these pains would shoot through my system, and compel me to arise, and, for hours together, walk the house, so that I was almost entirely deprived of sleep. During this time the Erysipelas continued active, and the ulcers enlarged, and so deeply have these eaten, that for two and a half years they have been subject to bleeding. During these almost twenty years I have consulted many physicians. These have called my disease—as it was attended with an obstinate cough and a steady and active pain in my side—a dropsical consumption; and though they have been skilful practitioners, they were only able to afford my case a partial and temporary relief. I had many other difficulties too complicated to describe. I have also used many of the medicines that have been recommended as infallible cures for this disease, yet these all failed, and I was most emphatically growing worse. In this critical condition, given up by friends, and expecting for myself, relief only in death, I was by the timely interposition of a kind Providence, furnished with your, to me, invaluable Sarsaparilla. A single bottle gave me an assurance of health, which for twenty years I had not once felt. Upon taking the second my enlargement diminished, and in twelve days from the 8th of October, when I commenced taking your Sarsaparilla, I was able to enjoy sleep and rest, by night, as refreshing as any I ever enjoyed when in perfect health. Besides, I was, in this short time, relieved from all those excruciating and unalleviated pains that had afflicted my days, as well as robbed me of my night's repose. The ulcers upon my limbs are healed, the Erysipelas cured, and my size reduced nearly to my former measure. Thus much do I feel it a privilege to testify to the efficacy of your health restoring Sarsaparilla. A thousand thanks, sirs, from one whose comfort and whose hope of future health are due, under God, to your instrumentality. And may the same Providence that directed me to your aid, make you the happy and honored instruments of blessing others, as diseased and despairing as your much relieved and very grateful friend,

ASENATH M. PHILLIPS.

Norwich, Nov. 4, 1842.

New London, Co., ss. Personally appeared, the above-named Asepath M. Phillips, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement before me.

RUFUS W. MATHEWSON,

Justice of the Peace. Being personally acquainted with Mrs. Phillips, I certify that the above asserted facts are substantially true.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDS,

Minister of the Gospel at Norwich, Conn.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. Sands, wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal, and Alexander Beggs, Quebec, Canada, Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

Mar. 9-6m.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

THIS popular and truly wonderful Medicine has in thousand of instances, produced to invalids a NEW LIFE, who, after keeping their beds for years, have been so speedily re-invigorated with an infusion of new blood, and consequently of new life and strength, by the use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, that their re-appearance amongst their fellow-beings, who had long given them up as incurable, is looked upon as the greatest of the many great wonders of the age.

The number of testimonials of cures by PARR'S LIFE PILLS, are crowding upon the Proprietors daily, and their unsolicited testimony witnessed by gentlemen of high reputation.

The following testimonial is from one of the most talented and respectable members of the Theatrical Profession, Mr. T. D. RICE, (the original Jim Crow)—a gentleman whose high character for worth and integrity as a citizen, places his unsolicited and voluntary attestation of the excellence of the Medicine beyond the shadow of suspicion. This, (with thousands of similar grateful acknowledgements,) can be seen at the Principal Depot, 117 Fulton-st.

To Messrs. THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., 117 Fulton-st., N. Y.:

Gentlemen—Having in the course of a long and arduous practice of my profession, contracted a tightness across the chest, with prostration of strength, and suffering much from the effects of the labour attached to my peculiar pursuits, while in England I had recourse to your popular Medicine, PARR'S LIFE PILLS, from which I received great benefit. Finding a Branch of your House in this city, I procured a few boxes of the Medicine, and can now sincerely testify to their value and great efficacy, and also to the great character they bear in the old country.

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS D. RICE, 20 Vestry-street.

This, from a Commission Merchant in the South and New York, is also unexceptionable:—

New York, 26th Dec., 1842.

Messrs. THOMAS ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—After having, for two years, severely suffered from a protracted disease of the bowels, together with hemorrhage, which seemed to baffle the skill of the best physicians in the South and elsewhere, a few boxes of your valuable Medicine, "PARR'S LIFE PILLS," which I had been persuaded to try, and which I commenced taking with very little faith in their efficacy—effected an entire and really wonderful cure with me.

I cannot refrain from sending you this testimonial of their excellence, hoping that these Pills may be the means of relieving others, as they have cured me.

You are at liberty to use this voluntary testimonial, as a recommendation of your Pills, to those who may be in doubt of their virtues.—Very respectfully,

J. BURKHARDT, Late of 223 Carondelet-st., New Orleans, Now 139 Grand-street, New York.

The following certificate is from a gentleman who has resided about twenty-five years in Southwark, Philadelphia, well known from his great respectability:—

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—I feel it will be doing no more than right to inform you of the wonderful benefits I have received by the use of your Pills. I have been afflicted for twenty years or more with a weakness on the breast, the pipes in the throat, dyspepsia and costiveness of the bowels, with very much cough and spitting at times. Latterly, I was seized with asthma, and was so much plagued as to be unable to lie down at night. I am advanced in years, and have tried a great many cures in the course of my life, which in the general left me much weakened without doing any good. Having seen one of the books containing the life of Old Parr, and the cures therein stated, I applied to Mr. Peter Williamson, and procured a box to try them. I soon found they relieved me of my dyspepsia, and also the disease in my throat, and I was surprised to discover that I slept good at night, and could lie down comfortably, and when I felt any kind of smothering, I would get up in the night and take one or two Pills, and I would feel better instantly. I am now entirely relieved of all my complaints, and have an excellent appetite, and am of the firm opinion that PARR'S LIFE PILLS are the best medicine I have ever taken for my complaints. From their gentleness with me, and the great good they have done me, I am satisfied they will be of equal benefit to many others thus afflicted.—I am, gentlemen, yours, respectfully,

Nov. 27, 1843.

JEREMIAH CLARK, Corner of Catherine-st. and Passayunk Road, Moyamensing, formerly of Southwark.

The next from Mrs. M. Cling:—

No. 193 Christie-street.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for this twelve years with the liver complaint and dyspepsia, and after trying all advertised medicines—then had recourse to a doctor, who only patched me up. At last the kind hand of Providence pointed out to me the report of Parr's Life Pills, and after attentively and carefully taking a few small boxes, I began to feel like another being—and I ask my cure may be circulated through the United States, so grateful am I for my recovery from the grave.

M. CLING, 193 Christie-street.

ASTHMA.

Portsmouth, N.H., Nov. 27, 1843.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—It gives me much pleasure to inform you that in this town and neighbourhood your invaluable Medicine, PARR'S LIFE PILLS, are much praised for their rare virtues and great efficacy in the cure of Asthma, and consequently their sale is considerable. Mr. James Ladd, a gentleman well known here, told me of a friend of his, an elderly lady, who has been troubled with Asthma for the last six years, so much so that she was unable to walk out, or use any exertion. Being advised to try Parr's Life Pills, she found herself considerably relieved by them, and persevering in their use, she was enabled, a few weeks since, not only to go about, but to walk to church, a distance of a quarter of a mile from her residence, a feat she had not accomplished for the last three years.

Another case is that of an Engineer on one of the Eastern Railroads, who, after having tried numerous other Medicines and found no relief, but a short time since, begun to take Parr's Life Pills for the above distressing complaint, and I am happy to say at this present writing he is fast recovering.—I am, gentlemen, yours respectfully,

JOHN JOHNSTON.

The following, being a translation from a German letter, by Mr. Etting, a native of Germany, now living at 167 Ludlow-street—

New York, Dec. 28, 1843.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—It is rarely that we Germans can be induced to have recourse to the so-called patent medicines, as we seldom have confidence in them. A friend of mine, however, induced me to try PARR'S LIFE PILLS, as a cure for habitual costiveness and sick head-ache, of which I had suffered for years, and for which I could find no efficient remedy.

A few boxes of your Pills, which I bought of your Agent, have, thank God, been the means of perfectly restoring my health. I have also used those Pills in my family, and with such excellent success, that I shall henceforth keep a constant supply in my house. Should there be persons who would doubt the good effects of this Medicine, I beg to refer them to me, and it would give me much pleasure to show my gratitude for the relief they have afforded me, by recommending them to others.—Respectfully,

C. ETTING, 167 Ludlow-street.

Mr. J. H. Bowman writes as follows:—

Vergennes, Nov. 8, 1843.

Messrs. THOS. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—I have closed the sale of all the PARR'S LIFE PILLS sent me, and will remit the balance by our Mr. Roberts, who will be in your city in a few days. The Pills are much liked, and give great satisfaction, and are now in considerable demand, and I have told my customers if they would be patient a few days I would have some more. You will please therefore send me an equal quantity of each size immediately, by railroad to Albany.—Yours respectfully,

J. H. BOWMAN.

Fountain Head Tavern, 96 Duane-street.

The Proprietors of PARR'S LIFE PILLS.—Gentlemen—I cannot be silent on the subject of your Medicine, after experiencing such benefit from it. I am grateful to you that my health has been re-established, by the use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, after suffering much from dyspepsia for years. To show that gratitude, I shall be pleased, by your using my name, as one that can and will, at all times, testify to their great efficacy in one of the most severe cases of dyspepsia that probably ever occurred.—I am, gentlemen, Yours respectfully,

S. BROWN.

January 10, 1844.

The following letter is from Mr. Thomas Elder, a gentleman of this city:—

New York, 17th Jan., 1844.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—It affords me much pleasure in being able to bear testimony in regard to the benefits to be derived from the use of your invaluable Medicine, known as "PARR'S LIFE PILLS." For a series of years I have been subjected to severe bilious attacks, attended with nausea and derangement of the digestive organs, and applied the ordinary remedies without relief. A friend made me a present of one box of your Pills, with a recommendation to try them. Before I had used the whole of them I found their salutary effects, and have continued the use of them up to the present time with great benefit. As a family medicine, from their gentle nature, they are of infinite service, when applied in sickness, to children, of which I have had sufficient experience in my own family. Indeed, I esteem them as the most safe and efficacious medicine now in use.—I am, gentlemen, Yours most obed'tly,

THOMAS ELDER.

They can be had at the Office of the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., No. 117 Fulton-st., Second Floor.

Mar. 20-44.

BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND LONDON
WEEKLY PAPERS.
 TOGETHER WITH ALL THE NEW PUBLICATIONS.
 FOR SALE AT THE EARLIEST MOMENT AT
 THE FRANKLIN DEPOT OF CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,
 No. 321 Broadway, next the Hospital. [J22-1m.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
 " Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
 " Harlem River.
 View of the Jet at
 Fountain in the Park, New York.
 " in Union Park.

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style, must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by
 June 8. HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

THE RAILROAD HOTEL, 86th St., 4th Avenue, Yorkville.—**THOMAS F. LENNOX**, late of the Chatham Theatre, respectfully announces to his friends his new location in Yorkville. The Cars stop hourly on weekdays and half hourly on Sundays.

This Establishment will be found one of the most suitable and convenient stopping places en route to the AQUEDUCT,—that greatest of modern scientific achievements,—and which is within two minutes walk of the R. R. Hotel.

Liquors, Wines, &c., of a superior quality, are constantly on hand; also, Oysters, Cakes, Ice Cream, and every delicacy of the Season.

Private Rooms for Parties.
 An excellent Quoit Ground is attached to the House, together with other Amusements.

TAMMANY HALL, (RE-OPENED.)

Corner of Nassau and Frankfort-streets, fronting the Park and City Hall, N. Y.

THE PROPRIETOR of this well known establishment having recently at great expense enlarged, refitted, and newly furnished it in a style that will bear comparison with any Public House in the Union, is now ready to accommodate travellers and others who may visit the city. The Lodging Rooms are large and airy, and fitted with the best of beds and furniture; the Refectory, in the basement, is arranged in a style chaste and neat, where refreshments are furnished at any hour from 6 A.M. to 12 P.M. On the first floor, fronting the Park, is a Sitting Room for boarders; adjoining is a retired Reading Room, which, together with the general conveniences of the House, make it a very desirable stopping place for the man of business or leisure—it being in the vicinity of all the Places of Amusement, and but a short distance from the business portion of the city. The charge for Lodgings has been reduced as well as the rate of refreshments. The attendance is of the first order. While the Proprietor returns thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on this House by a generous public, he hopes by unremitting exertions, strict attention to business, and the wants of his customers to merit a continuation of the same.
 Mar. 16-tf.

"The Blood is the Life of the Flesh."—HOLY WRIT.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD.

THAT the blood is the life of the body, I presume is undisputed, therefore I shall say that it being the SEAT OF LIFE, it must also be the seat of disease. If disease be in the blood, we should abstract the disease only, not the blood itself. It is the impurities which must be removed by Brandreth's Pills to secure our health, in all states of the weather, in all situations, and in all climates. The blood, like a good spirit, is always trying to benefit the body by its struggles to expel impurities. But it is not capable to effect its own purification at all times; to do this it must often have assistance. When the blood is loaded with impurities, especially in this climate, the consequence may be fatal, provided the blood is not purified at once, and this is sure to be effected if Brandreth's Pills are used.

No time must be lost by the use of foolish remedies, such as bleeding or mercury, for they both only put off the evil day to make it more fatal. Even in inflammatory diseases bleeding never ought to be resorted to, for in nine cases out of ten it will take away the power of nature to effect the cure, even when aided by Brandreth's Pills. They can take out the impurities from the blood, but alas! they cannot put new blood into the body immediately, this requires time, but they can REGENERATE OLD BLOOD, but the old blood must be there. It is at all times easier to eradicate mercury from the system and restore the mercurialized being to full health, than it is to effect the restoration of the man who has repeatedly been bled. Bleeding and the effects of opium are the greatest antagonists the Brandreth's Pills have to contend against. Let us therefore be wise, and when sickness assails us, abstract the disease OUT OF THE BLOOD, not the blood out of the body, which bleeding does.

Now, Brandreth's Pills not only purify the blood, but they lessen the quantity, at the same time they make the quality better. They only take the worn out parts from the blood, those which, if retained, would be a source of disease. The good effects which are derived from Brandreth's Pills have to be felt to be believed. The seeds of decay can be constantly eradicated by their use, and the PRINCIPLE OF LIFE—THE BLOOD—strengthened. Thus protracting vigor of body and mind to a period when we have been accustomed to see the faltering step and the enfeebled intellect.

Let no one suppose that the Brandreth's Pills are not always the same. They are. They can never be otherwise. The principles upon which they are made are so unerring, that a million pounds could be made per day without the most remote possibility of a mistake occurring. Get the genuine, that is all, and the medicine will give you full satisfaction.

When the Blood is in an unsound condition, it is as ready for infection, as land ploughed and harrowed is to receive the allotted grain. Those who are wise, will therefore commence the purification of their blood without delay; and those who are already attacked with sickness should do the same.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will ensure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth's Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life, they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth's Pills are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this, it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies through their confinement. Dr. Brandreth can refer to many of our first physicians who recommend his Pills to their patients, to the exclusion of all other purgatives, and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humors of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by Brandreth's Pills, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance without the expense of a physician. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicines ever invented for families, or to take to sea, preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking cold.

ALL GENUINE BRANDRETH PILLS have six signatures of Doctor Brandreth on each box. Two on each label. Be careful of counterfeits.

Sold at 25 cents per box, at Dr. Brandreth's principal office, 241 Broadway, and also at his retail offices 276 Bowery, and 1894 Hudson-st.; and by Mrs. Booth, 5 Market-street, Brooklyn; Lyman & Co., Montreal; Rigney & Co., Toronto.
 Mar. 16-4m.

PERKINS HOUSE, 19 Pearl Street, Boston.—Messrs. VIGNES & GORDON would respectfully announce to their Friends and the Public, that their extensive and commodious Hotel, the PERKINS HOUSE, has been newly furnished throughout, and is now in every particular well calculated for the accommodation of Travellers and the Public generally. For comfort, convenience, and location, it is not surpassed by any Hotel in the city; and they can assure those who may favor them with their patronage that every effort will be used to have every delicacy on the Table, and their Wines, &c., will be found of the best quality.

Very superior accommodation for families, and charges moderate. Ap. 27-3m.

WELLMAN, WEBSTER AND NORTON,
 COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,
 No. 75 Camp-street, New Orleans.

L. J. Webster, A. L. Norton, H. B. Wellman.
 Reference—G. Merle, Esq., Wilson & Brown, and Lee Dater & Miller, N. Y.
 Aug. 26-1f.

A NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

MARINE TELEGRAPH FLAGS, and SEMAPHORIC TELEGRAPH SIGNAL BOOK.
TO THE COMMERCIAL, MERCANTILE AND SHIPPING INTERESTS OF NEW YORK.—The undersigned, having furnished above two thousand sets of Marine Telegraph Flags with a designating number, and Signal Book, (including the Government vessels of war and revenue cutters,) proposes to furnish the merchant vessels of New York with full sets of his Telegraph Flags, a designating number and Signal Book, for FIFTEEN DOLLARS, for a set of thirteen flags in number, with the book of numerals as registered in numerical and alphabetical order. Ships, barques, brigs, schooners, sloops, and steam-vessels, possessing this semaphoric code of signals, with a designating Telegraph number, will be displayed upon the Tontine building in Wall-street, as received from the Staten Island Telegraph station, upon their arrival in the outer harbor—all which will be duly recorded and reported by the undersigned, at the Marine Surveyor's office, No. 67 Wall-street. JOHN R. PARKER, Sole Proprietor of the Marine Telegraph Flags and the Semaphoric Signal Book.

We, the undersigned, marine surveyors, having examined the system of marine signals, or telegraph flags, together with the semaphoric signal book, compiled by Mr. JOHN R. PARKER, think them well adapted for communication at sea, and strongly recommend their use and adoption by owners of vessels, ship-masters, underwriters, and all others interested in the commerce of our country.
 THOMAS H. MERRY, SAMUEL CANDLER,
 RUSSELL STURGES, JOSEPH TINKHAM,
 R. BRUMLEY.

June 15.

MAGAZIN OF PARIS, LONDON, & NEW YORK FASHIONS IN LADIES' HATS
 The establishment No. 418 Broadway, two doors above Canal Street, is now open and selling every variety of fashionable Bonnets.

It is expressly designed to be a depot wherein Ladies may be certain of finding an ample and varied supply of all the most fashionable, beautiful, and durable straw hats, as well as those composed of other materials. A direct communication with Paris and London, affords the means of introducing the latest Fashions of those cities, almost as soon as adopted there, to the Ladies of this, the real Metropolis of America. May 4-3m.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places.
 Ap. 20-tf.

TO AMATEURS ON THE FLUTE.—Mr. Barton, (pupil of the late C. Nicholson,) respectfully begs to announce that it is his intention to give instruction on the Flute. Mr. Barton professes to teach according to the method purified by the celebrated master, Charles Nicholson.

For terms and particulars application may be made at Signor Godone, Music Store, Broadway, and Mr. Stoddard's Pianoforte manufactory.
 Jan. 20-tf.

J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman-streets,) N. Y.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.

Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably.

May 27-3m

MCGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N.Y.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest tavern stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the supervision of the proprietor, JAMES MCGREGOR.

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire GOOD FARE, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavored in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with his Terms.

The "MCGREGOR HOUSE" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the Cars, only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Baggage to the House, free of charge.

Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances.
 Utica, Nov. 1, 1843. JAMES MCGREGOR. [Mar. 9-tf.

SMITH'S REVISED BOTANIC PHYSICIAN—Containing a complete practice of Medicine, Midwifery, and Diseases of Women and Children; a description of about four hundred Medical Plants, Gums, with their medical properties; (Pharmacy) a great many useful and favourite receipts; Surgery is full, and illustrated with many drawings. Physiology is so arranged that it is of vital importance to every person; it is illustrated with many beautiful drawings. This is a complete Family Book, as well as a Physician's Guide and Library. It is just issued from the Press, and is for sale by the Proprietor, Isaac Smith, M.D., No. 384 Broome-st., New York, at the low price of \$6 single copy. A discount will be made to those that purchase to re-sell.
 My 25-6t.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON RAILROAD LINE.

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER.

DAILY, (Sundays excepted,) at 5 o'clock, P.M., from pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place.

The Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

The Steamboat CLEOPATRA, Capt. J. K. Dustan, will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage, immediately on their arrival at Allen's Point.

For further information enquire of D. B. ALLEN, 34 Broadway, (up stairs). Or of D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent for this line, at the office on the wharf.

N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting any one on account of the above boats or owners.
 May 11-tf.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
 C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y.,
 and to BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.

Feb. 3.